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CARDINALS
1923



THE CARDINAL



Tenth Edition

The Cardinal
1923

1923

THE CARDINAL

Young folks, the age has need of you.
 You have been fitted for a craft,
Unique, and nobler than the jobs
 They get who seek an easy "graft".
You have renounced the cult of them
 Who count success in terms of gain;
Your recompense shall finer be
 Than all the gold of mart or main.
No footings on a balance sheet
 The value of your art can show;
For yours shall be the high reward
 That only they who serve may know.

Your Master-Craftsman, long ago,
 Forever blazed your shining way;
The urgent truth that he revealed,
 Unchanged remaineth to this day:
"In seeking things, men miss their goal,
 And lose their lives in emptiness;
Enduring worth is only gained
 Through constant self-forgetfulness".
This is the hidden mystery
 Each generation must be taught;
Its incarnation you must be,—
 Each life a winsome, living thought.

Think not that every service fine,
 That you may render to the age,
Will noticed be and bring to you
 A plaudit as your rightful wage.
Only through failure, toil, and sweat,
 Through having truly dared great things,
Do men attain that discipline,
 That brawn of soul, of uncrowned kings.
Hence to your best be ever true,
 For what you are shall never die;
The youth you'll teach will build of you
 Their living temples, clean and high.

Then fare ye forth! 'Tis such as you
 Shall fashion on some finer plan,
Than ever yet has been devised,
 The coming golden age of man.
Let not the "subjects" you may teach
 Obscure the far horizon line;
"Subjects" are but the tools you'll use
 In shaping souls that are divine,—
Dull tools whose harsh lines need the touch
 Of friendship, patience, mirth, and play.
Farewell! So live that what you are
 Exalts the worth of what you say.

Edwin L. Taylor

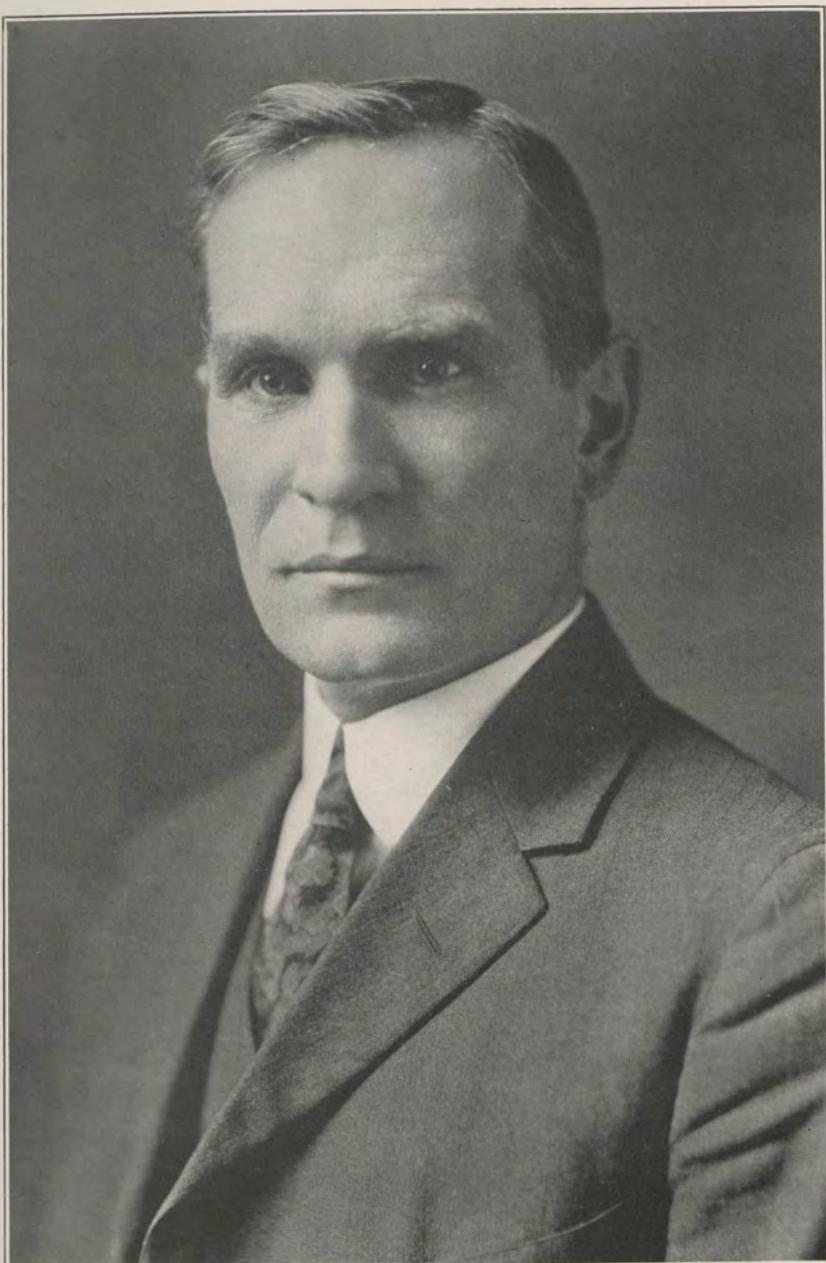
Dedication



AS an expression of friendship and in
recognition of his inspiring influence
the Class of 1923 dedicates this edition
of the Cardinal to Mr. Edwin L. Taylor.

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THE CARDINAL



EDWIN L. TAYLOR.

1923

Mr. Edwin L. Taylor



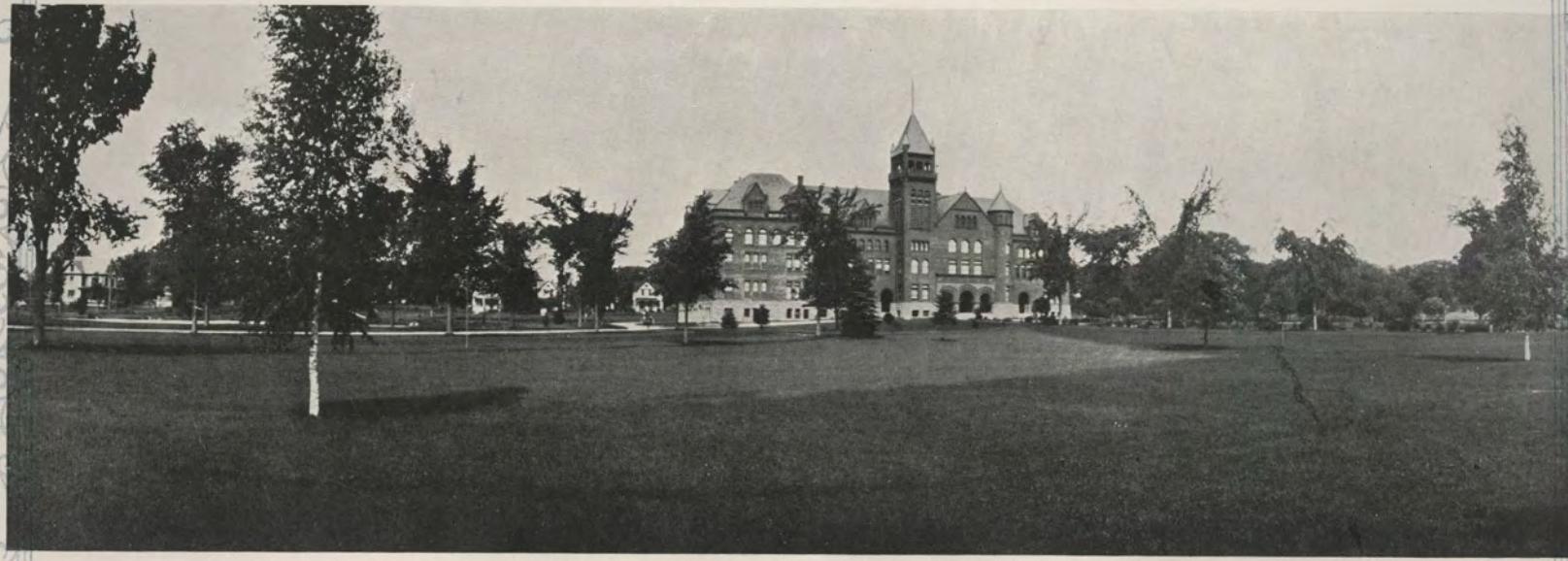
Edwin L. Taylor, Head of the Department of Industrial Arts in the Plattsburgh State Normal School, was born at Leon, Cattaraugus, Co., N. Y. His academic studies were pursued at Chamberlain Institute, Randolph, N. Y., where he completed both the Regents' Academic Course and a special course in elocution and expression.

Having a "natural born" interest in farming he engaged for a time in that occupation and took a short course in Agriculture in the New York State Agricultural College at Cornell University. It was during this course that his touch with shop-work in Sibley College directed his interests in a new channel, eventually leading him to select the teaching of Industrial Arts as a profession.

He has the distinction of being one of the first class to be graduated from the Normal Course in Industrial Arts at the Mechanics Institute of Rochester, N. Y., a course whose Alumni possess an enviable record for leadership in the field of Industrial Arts education. Upon his graduation, Mr. Taylor accepted an instructorship in the Manual Training department of the institution whose normal course he had so recently completed. This position he resigned at the end of a year to accept his present place on the faculty of the State Normal School at Plattsburgh. Commencement, 1923, marks the close of his seventeenth year of service in this relationship.

Not only is Mr. Taylor, by profession an educator but he is also a clergyman, having been actively so engaged for the past ten years. At present he is entering his sixth year as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Morrisonville, N. Y., is an ordained minister and a member of the Troy Annual Conference.

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THE CARDINAL

Foreword

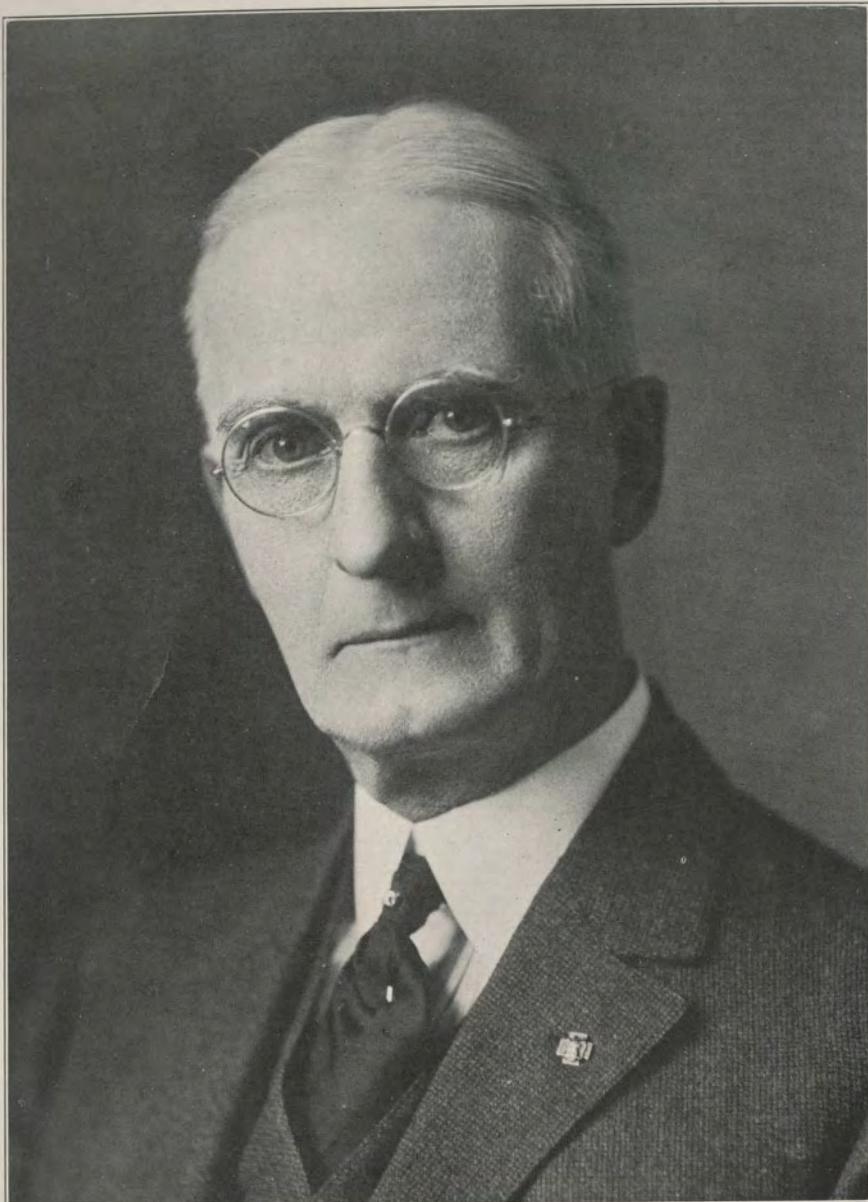


THE Cardinal Staff of 1923 sincerely hopes that this volume will give pleasure to all members of the school, both now and in years to come. It would not have been possible for us to have accomplished our task without the help of many of you. You are already aware that we have aimed to have this truly a school year book---one, of which you may be proud.

Greetings---Classmates and friends.

THE CARDINAL STAFF

THE CARDINAL



GEORGE KNIGHT HAWKINS

Ten Broeck Free Academy, Franklinville, 1881; State Normal School, Fredonia, 1884; Sherburne Academy, Principal, 1884-1890; Union College, A. M., 1894; State Normal School, Plattsburgh, Professor of Mathematics, 1890-1898; Saint Lawrence University, D. Sc., 1905; State Normal School, Plattsburgh, Principal, 1898-1923.

If we could turn back the wheels of time today and read the History of the State Normal School as the swift years whirl by again, we should find that a dominant personality had so entered the life of the institution and had caught such a vision that the School would be the work of his hands and the establishment of his intellect and heart.

As we look forward into the future in the heyday of our youth we rejoice that we can carry with us so much of the vigor and radiating influence of our honored and beloved Principal.

Today we bring the enrichment of our lives from Alma Mater and lay them before the world for service thereby seeking to perpetuate the influence of the work that has been wrought upon us through the masterful wisdom and keen foresight of Dr. George K. Hawkins who now completes twenty-five years of educational statesmanship as Principal of the State Normal School at Plattsburgh.

It has been no purpose of ours to mold you into merely cloistered students habituated solely to the contemplation of the "eternal worth of thought and the pre-eminence of the prophet and the seer". We have planned for you an intensely *constructive* career which shall have small space for egoism and shall require that you employ your highest cultural possessions of intellect and heart as instruments to be used in tangible and synthetic fashion for the positive betterment of that portion of the world in which your lot may fall.

It is our trust that you will meet your serious duties with industry, with earnestness and with wisdom—with the patriotic devotion of highbred Americans and with all the bold initiative which is characteristic of America at her best.

Geo K. Hardins

The Song of the Senior

(With due apology to Robert W. Service)

When the long, long course is over and the day of Commencement comes,
 I hope that it won't be lying, to say all my work is done.
 And I know that it will be regretful to part with dear Normal and thee—
 All I'll need then is a contract, a contract signed by me.
 Look at my hands, ink-spattered, look at my furrowed brow;
 Doctor, I've done thy bidding, did it as best I knew how.
 Night after night have I labored, by the aid of a flickering light;
 I've done thy desire with spirited fire; I await the results of the fight.
 I have used the knowledge thou hast given, thou knowest this to be true,
 Two long years of labor—I have served them and am through.
 And now, Oh! Doctor, I'm tired and lonely and bent and marred,
 But I've done my work, and thou knowest, and thou will not judge me hard.
 Thou knowest my failings are many, and often I've played the fool—
 For oft and anon on test days, I've neglected to come to school.
 I was wasteful with time in those days, I "killed" it with nary a care,
 Going to movies and dances, or buying something foolish to wear.
 Then after a test, back repentent, back to the long day's grind,
 I, the student of students, everything in my mind.
 Everything there but study (I'd no idea what it meant),
 A youth with a youth's understanding, so day after day came and went;
 Never a night that I stayed in, could I settle down to my task;
 Always something to bother, always a question to ask.
 A youth with youth's ambitions, I'd no intentions to shirk—
 Yet I'd gladly have given anything, to be able to get down to work.
 I, with a thirst for knowledge, yet young and carefree and gay—
 Yet how I did long to be learned, to get in Life's Game and play!
 Well, 'tis thy school, and thou knowest. Thy kindly advice I did spurn;
 But I've done my work as I got it, and I've done my best to learn;
 I, a youth, one of many, who go groping through life for the light,
 Searching where'er I happen, striving with all of my might;
 Struggling on, uncomplaining, working with jealous content;
 Slaving from daylight to darkness, spurning the thought to relent;
 Driving fiercely on to the finish, preparing a seat in the sun,
 Defiant, resolute, unrelentless, 'til the work of life is done.
 Doctor, I've complied with thy wishes, the decision must be your own;
 Not by my faults wilt thou judge me, but by the spirit I've shown.
 Doctor, I've done thy bidding, and my days at Normal are few,
 And the looked-for day is coming—may all my wishes come true;
 Doctor, I've made an enviable friendship—a friendship—with you.

EDWARD B. DODDS.

THE CARDINAL



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The gift of the Class of 1923 to their Alma Mater consists of the central panel in a group of mural paintings that through the cooperation of succeeding classes will eventually grace the front of Normal Hall. These murals, which are painted especially for this purpose by George Lawrence Nelson of New York City, have as their central theme the Graduate-Teacher. The above engraving is from the artist's first pen drawing. This drawing has since been slightly modified yet the engraving conveys a fairly good idea of the composition of the panel which will be ten feet in height and six in width. The panel depicts the Graduate-Teacher in the act of receiving his credentials from the hand of a symbolic figure of the State who is pointing to the Alma Mater seated above. The Alma Mater holds a tablet on which she is inscribing the names of her illustrious sons and daughters. On either side of her are symbolic figures of application and industry as pertaining to the acquisition of education. These are respectively a young woman studying from a book and a young man working with dividers upon an unfinished plan. Panels to be added later are to be all related to the central unit in a very definite manner. The whole arrangement when framed will occupy a space 12 feet in height and 25 in length adequately and inspiringly decorating the most commanding wall space in the entire school.

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THE CARDINAL

THE CARDINAL

The Faculty



GEORGE K. HAWKINS, A. M., D. Sc.,
Principal.

Tenbrook Academy; Fredonia Normal School; Union College, A. M.; St. Lawrence University, D. Sc.

GEORGE H. HUDSON,
Head of the Department of Science.

Potsdam Normal School; New England Conservatory of Music.

ALONZO N. HENSHAW, Ph. D.,
Head of the Department of Education.

Batavia Union School; Hobart College, A. B., A. M.; Leipsic, Germany, Ph. D.

O. W. KITCHELL, D. Sc.,
Head of the Department of Mathematics.

Newark, N. J., High School; Columbia University, A. B., A. M., School of Arts; Ph. B., School of Political Science; D. Sc., Honorary, Bucknell College.

GUY WHEELER SHALLIES, A. M.,
Head of the Department of English.

Arcade High School; Buffalo State Normal School; The University of Chicago, A. B., A. M.; Yale University.

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, B. C. S.,
Head of the Department of Commercial Education.

Albany High School; U. S. Military Academy; Albany Business College; Rochester Business Institute; New York University, B. C. S.

ALFRED L. DIEBOLT, B. S., A. M.,
Head of the Department of History.

Lafayette High School, Buffalo; Colgate University; Virginia University; Wisconsin University; Columbia University, B. S., A. M.

SAMUEL TODD,

Head of the Department of Stenography and Typewriting.

Spencer's Business College; Eastman's Business College; Rochester Business Institute; New York University.

EDWIN L. TAYLOR,
Head of the Department of Manual Training.

Randolph High School; Cornell University; Mechanics Institute; Normal Course in Industrial Arts.

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GENEVIEVE ANDREWS,

Head of the Department of Drawing and Handwork.

Seneca Falls High School; The University of Chicago.

MARGARET M. GARRITY,

Head of the Department of Music.

Chatham High School; Crane Institute of Music, Potsdam.

ELIZABETH M. KETCHUM,

Assistant in Bookkeeping.

Oswego State Normal and Training School; Rochester Business Institute; Syracuse University.

OLLIE H. AMSDEN,

Assistant in Commercial Education.

Bloomingdale High School; Plattsburgh Normal School.

HELENA B. PIERSON, M. D.,

Albany Normal School; University of Buffalo, M. D.

ANNA L. CARROLL,

Assistant in Science.

Malone High School; Plattsburgh Normal School; Post-Graduate Course in Sciences.

Alice L. O'BRIEN,

Assistant in English; Physical Training.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute; New York University; Columbia University.

ANNE O'BRIEN,

Assistant in English. Librarian.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute; Plattsburgh Normal School; Special Library Work, Chautauqua and Albany, N. Y.

HARRIETTE A. INGALLS,

Critic and Model Teacher, First Grade.

Saratoga Springs High School and Training School; Teachers' College; Columbia University, Special Diploma in Primary Supervision.

CHARLOTTE E. CHASE,

Critic and Model Teacher, Second Grade.

Holyoke, Mass., High School; Lucy Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School, Boston.

IRENE P. BERG,

Critic and Model Teacher, Third Grade.

Utica Free Academy; Oneonta Normal School; Utica Conservatory of Music; Special Courses at Columbia and Chautauqua.

THE CARDINAL

LUCY N. TOMKINS, A. B.,

Critic and Model Teacher, Fourth Grade.

Cornell University, A. B.

KATE C. ALGIE,

Critic and Model Teacher, Fifth Grade.

Albany Normal College; Post-Graduate Course in Teachers' College.

KATE E. HULL,

Critic and Model Teacher, Sixth Grade.

Plattsburgh High School; Plattsburgh Normal School.

KATHERINE L. MALLOY, Pd. B.,

Critic and Model Teacher, Seventh Grade.

Cooperstown High School and Training Class; Albany Normal College, Pd. B.

ERMINIA M. WHITLEY, A. B.,

Critic and Model Teacher, Eighth Grade.

Plattsburgh Normal School; Wellesley College, A. B.

ELIZABETH RINGWOOD HAWKINS, A. B.,

Principal's Secretary.

Plattsburgh State Normal High School; State Normal School; Vassar College, A. B.





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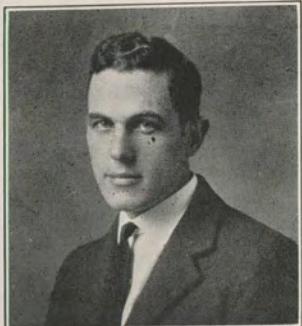
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Treasurer

Class Poem



In the foothills of the mountains
Where the lake and river meet
Where a wealth of scenic splendor
Our admiring visions greet
Where all Nature's moods are varied
Naught but beauty, eye commands
Here our own loved Alma Mater
Stately and majestic stands.

Two short years ago we came here
We of nineteen twenty-three
'Neath your roof to work and gather
Knowledge, for the years to be.
Eager hearted we had journeyed
All our past life left behind
Left our home and friends and parents
Truth within your walls to find.

Now we leave the path of learning
Paths in which our feet you've led;
Sad our hearts are at the parting
All too swift these years have sped:
Now we leave your halls forever
Teachers, friends we here have met
Forth we go to life's endeavor
Workday's endless toil and fret.

We will not forget, dear Mother
All the things that you have taught,
All the pleasures you have given,
All the friends that you have brought.
Still our hearts will beat as loyal
To our school we'll be as true
Still your teachings we will follow
Howe'er far we roam from you.

H. S.

THE CARDINAL

"Ed"

EDWIN C. ANDREWS,

"A man far sounded among men for noble deeds."

Lyons High School.

President of Senior Class.

Lyons.



"Mary"

MARY BEHAN,

"A little rosebud set with willful thorns,
And sweet as Plattsburgh air could make her."

Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh Normal High School.

ΑΚΦ, Mementos.



"Benoit"

HAROLD BENWAY,

"Were this man but constant, he were perfect"

Plattsburgh High School.

Baseball, Assistant Business Manager of Cardinal.

Plattsburgh.



"Marion"

MARION BIGELOW,

"Forsooth a great student."

Bloomingdale.

Bloomingdale High School.

Delta Clonian.



"Katherine"

KATHERINE BOYLE,

"Where ever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
Her honor and the greatness of her name shall be."

Westport High School.

Westport.



THE CARDINAL



HARRIET BRADLEY, "Hat" Groversville.
 "Then she will talk. Ye gods, how she will talk." Groversville High School.
ΑΦΘ, Glee Club, Basketball.



VERN BRADLEY, "Vern" Mooers.
 "Gently comes the world to those that are cast in gentle mold." Mooers High School.
Glee Club.



ANNE T. BRAW, "Tutz" Newburgh.
 "'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." Newburgh Academy.
Delta Clonian.



MICHAEL J. BRENNAN, "Mike" Dannemora.
 "His heart is as true as steel." Plattsburgh High School.
Basketball.



THOMAS BROWN, "Big" Plattsburgh.
 "I am a man, therefore nothing that concerns a man do I deem
 a matter of indifference to me." Plattsburgh Normal High School.
President of Athletic Association, Baseball, Basketball, Bowling.

THE CARDINAL

"Bobbie"

BLANCHE BRUNELLE,

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Plattsburgh High School.

Basketball.

Plattsburgh.



"Mag"

MARGARET BUCKLEY,

"Her faults lay gently on her."

Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh High School.

ΑΚΦ.



"Harm"

HARMON BULLEY,

"For every why, he'd have a wherefore."

Plattsburgh High School.

Plattsburgh.



"Moe"

RALPH BULLIS,

"The very flower of youth."

Plattsburgh Normal High School.

Athletic Council.



SARAH BURRIS,

New Russ'a.

"A courage to endure and to obey

A hate of gossip, parlance and of sway."

Elizabethtown High School.



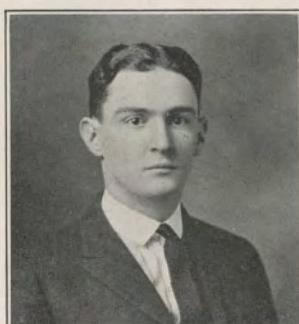
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"Wilma"
WILMA CARPENTER,
"Of eager, modest serviceableness."
Mineville.
Mineville High School.



"Charlie"
EDNA CHARLEBOIS,
"I do betray myself with blushing."
Clayton.
Clayton High School.
AKΦ



"Art"
ARTHUR COGAN,
"Such joy ambition finds."
Plattsburgh.
Plattsburgh High School.
Bowling Team, Baseball.



"Venita"
VENITA COLUMBE,
"There's many a black, black eye, they say; but none so black
as mine."
D'Youville Academy.
ΑΦΘ



"Irish"
JOSEPH CONNORS,
"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, some have
greatness thrust upon them."
Plattsburgh.
Plattsburgh Normal High School.

THE CARDINAL

"Ruth"

RUTH CONSAUL,

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Clayton High School.

Delta Clonian Glee Club.



Clayton.



GLADYS COOKE,

"Lofty to those who sought her not

But to those men who loved her, sweet as summer."

Poughkeepsie High School.

AKF

"Cookie"

Poughkeepsie.

LOUISE COULTER,

"Louise"

Salem.

"Those about her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Salem Washington Academy.

Delta Clonian, Glee Club, Basketball.



RUTH COURTER, "Ruth" Caldwell, N. J.

"God sent Musicians to the earth
With tales of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again."

Caldwell High School, Montclair Secretarial School.

Glee Club, Assistant Literary Editor of Cardinal, Orchestra.

MARGARET DALY,

"Margaret"

Brushton.

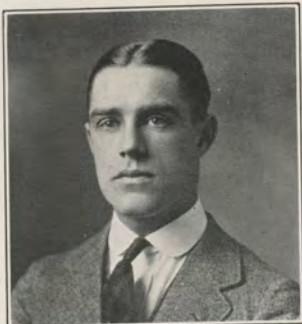
"She cannot flatter, she—an honest mind and plain

She must speak the truth."

Brushton High School.



THE CARDINAL



BERNICE A. DARRAH, "Funny" Plattsburgh.
"Strong reasons make strong action." Plattsburgh High School.
Manager Basketball (2), Manager Bowling, Manager Baseball (2).



ALICE DENMORE, "Alice" Plattsburgh.
"We doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do." Plattsburgh High School.



ALIDA DENMORE, "Alida" Plattsburgh.
"What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known
To see all others' faults, and feel your own." Plattsburgh High School.
Honor Student.



EDWARD B. DODDS, "Ed" Plattsburgh.
"'Tis well to be merry and wise
'Tis well to be honest and true
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new." Plattsburgh Normal High School.



STELLA DOWNS, "Stella" Gabriels.
"Calm, thou dost smile." Franklin Academy, Malone.
Honor Student.

THE CARDINAL

"Rocelia"

ROCELIA DURKEE,

"She is as constant as the northern star
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

Fort Edward High School.
Hudson Falls Training Class.



MARGARET DWYER,

"A Soul

So full of summer warmth, so glad
So healthy, sound and clear and whole."

Chateaugay.

Chateaugay High School.
Chateaugay Training Class.

"Mary"

MARY ELLIS,

"That caressing and exquisite grace, never bold,
Ever present—which just a few women possess."

Ilion.

Ilion High School.

Delta Clonian.



"Mary"

MARY ENGEL,

"Since brevity is the soul of wit, I will be brief."
Jamestown High School.

AΦΘ, Honor Student.



"Rosalie"

ROSALIE ESMOND,

"She was a scholar, and a good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."

Saratoga.

Saratoga High School.



THE CARDINAL



MARGARET FARRELL, "Peg" Witherbee.
 "There is no truer hearted." Mineville High School.

AKΦ



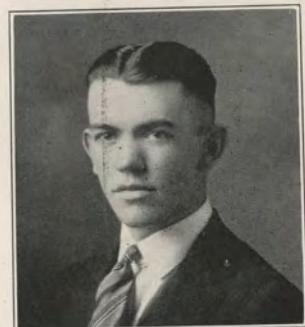
BESSIE FEDERMAN, "Bessie" Buffalo.
 "Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I." Lackawanna High School.

AΦΘ, *Valedictorian.*



LILLIAN FINNEGAN, "Lil" Bloomingdale.
 "Ray fringed eyelids of the morn
 Roof not a glance so keen as thine
 If ought of prophecy be mine
 Thou wilt not live in vain." Bloomingdale High School.
 Franklin Academy, Malone.

AKΦ, *Treasurer Athletic Association, Assistant Editor of Cardinal, Glee Club.*



ALBAN J. FITZPATRICK, "Fitz" Plattsburgh.
 "I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine." Plattsburgh High School.

Basketball.



ANNA FLANNIGAN, "Ann" Hudson Falls.
 "She was want to speak plain and to the purpose." St. Mary's Academy, Glens Falls

AKΦ

THE CARDINAL

"Nellie"

NELLIE FLETCHER,

"Women of few words are the best."

Bloomingdale.

Bloomingdale High School.

Saranac Lake High School.

Mooers Training Class.

Honor Student.



"Ellen"

ELLEN FORRENCE,

"Meek and soft and maiden-like."

Peru.

Peru High School.

Delta Clonian.



"Clara"

CLARA FRENCH,

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense

Lie in three words—health, peace and competence."

Keene Valley.

Keene Valley High School.



"Hazel"

HAZEL GARRANT,

"Great things often come in small packages."

Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh High School.

ROSE GOLD,

"She built herself an everlasting name."

Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh High School.

$\Delta\Phi\Theta$, *Glee Club, Basketball.*



THE CARDINAL



"Addie"

ADDIE GOODALE,

"Plain without pomp and rich without a show."

West Chazy.
Plattsburgh High School.



"Gramma"

ELEANORA M. GRAM,

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Lancaster High School.

Delta Clonian, Clonian Grand Vice-President, Glee Club.



"Ruth"

RUTH W. GRAY,

"A beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men,
that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it."

Southampton High School.

Delta Clonian, Clonian History.



ALFRED HAINFELD,

"Hainfeld"

Oyster Bay.

"He reads much;
He is a great observer."

Oyster Bay High School.
College of Pharmacy,
Columbia University.

Orchestra.



"Julia"

JULIA HALEY,

"Full well they laughed with glee,
At all her jokes, for many a joke had she."

Livonia.

Livonia High School.
Geneseo Normal School.

THE CARDINAL

"Marie"

MARIE HANSA,

"To thine own self be true
And thou canst not be false to any man."

Mamaroneck.

Mamaroneck High School.

ΑΦΘ, Basketball, '22-'23.



"Rene"

IRENE HARRINGTON,

"They are never alone who are
Accompanied with noble thoughts."

Peru.

Peru High School.
Delta Clonian, Assistant Literary Editor of Cardinal.



"Ada"

ADA HARVEY,

"The word 'rest' is not in my vocabulary."

Poland.

Poland High School.



"Sel"

SELMA HOFFMAN,

"All people said she had authority."

Savannah, Ga.

Savannah High School.
Columbia University.

Delta Clonian, Honor Student.

HELEN HOLLAND,
"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

Moira.

Moira High School.
New York State College.



THE CARDINAL



“Katherine”
KATHERINE HOLLAND, Moira.
“The possessor of a great mind.”
Moira High School.
Albany Business College.



“Margaret”
MARGARET HOLLAND, Plattsburgh.
“By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well
ordered.”
Plattsburgh Normal High School.
D’Youville Academy.
Glee Club.



“Betty”
ELIZABETH HOUGHTON, Indian Lake.
“All her excellences stand in her so
Silently as if they had stolen upon
Her without her knowledge.”
Indian Lake High School.
Delta Clonian.



“Gladys”
GLADYS HUNTLEY, Ticonderoga.
“Mindful not of herself.”
Ticonderoga High School.



“Grace”
GRACE JONES, Ausable Forks.
“The love of learning
And all the sweet serenity
Of books are hers.”
Ausable Forks High School.

THE CARDINAL

"Grace"

GRACE KARL,

"Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Gloversville.

Gloversville High School.

AKΦ



HELEN KATHAN,

Honor Student.

"Helen" Blue Mountain Lake.

"A heart to resolve,
A head to contrive,
A hand to execute."

St. Joseph's Academy,
Brasher Falls, N. Y.

RUTH KEITH,

"Ruth"

North Brookfield.
"I was born to other things."

Iliion High School.

AΦΘ



EDITH KELLY,

"Kelly"

Newburg.

"You know I say just what I think and nothing more or less."

Newburg High School.

AΦΘ, *Glee Club.*

ELIZABETH KEYS,

"Betty"

West Hebron.
"Her words are truly heralds to her mind."

West Hebron High School.



THE CARDINAL



MARGUERITE KING, "Peg" Cambridge.
"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."
Cambridge High School.

ΑΦΘ

LOLA F. KNAPP,

"Lola"

Walton.

"For if she will, she will,
You may depend on it;
And if she won't, she won't,
So there's an end on it."

Glee Club.

Walton High School.



ARLEETA KNICKERBOCKER, "Knick" Ithaca.
"A continual cheerfulness is the surest sign of wisdom."
Ithaca High School.

AKΦ, Ivy Oration, Honor Student.



BERNARD LAVIGNE,

"Eddie"

Morrisonville.

"Ambition has no rest."

Morrisonville High School.

Athletic Editor of Cardinal, President Athletic Association
'21-'22, Basketball, Baseball, Honor Student.



RUTH LEARNED,

"Ruth"

Plattsburgh.

"God gives speech to all, but song to the few."
Essex High School.

Glee Club.



THE CARDINAL



DORETHEA LETSON, "Dorethea"
"Merit was ever modest known."
Mooers.
Mooers High School.



LORETTA LIBBY, "Libby"
"I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."
Plattsburgh.
Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ



KENNETH LOCKE, "Ken"
"Oh Heaven! were man but constant
He were perfect."
Plattsburgh.
P. S. N. S. High School.
*Art Editor of Cardinal, Baseball, Athletic Counsel, '21-'22,
Bowling.*



EDNA LUCAS, "Edna"
"Promise is most given where least is said."
Champlain.
Champlain High School.
Glee Club.



CLARA MACDONALD, "Clara"
"Anyone may do a casual act of good-nature; but a continuation
of them shows it a part of the temperament."
Ausable Forks.
Ausable Forks High School.

THE CARDINAL



"Mac"

LUCY MACDONALD,

"Those about her from her read the perfect ways of honor."

Walton High School.



"Katherine"

KATHERINE MCGEARY,

"So absolute she seems and in herself complete."
Sherman Collegiate Institute.
Port Henry Training Class.



"Mac"

HELEN MC LAUGHLIN,

"Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth."
Southampton High School.
Delta Clonian, Class Will, Glee Club.



"Erma"

ERMA MALLORY,

"I should your tongue had broken its chain."
Deposit High School.

ΑΦΘ



"Mae"

MAE MANNIGAN,

"She has patience, a necessary ingredient of genius."
Augustinian Academy,
Carthage, N. Y.

THE CARDINAL

"Mary"

MARY MARKHAM, Salamanca.
 "Principle is ever my motto." Salamanca High School.
 AKΦ, *Glee Club, Agonian History, Class Song, Honor Student.*



RUTH MARONEY, "Ruth"

Salamanca.
 "Ah, thy beautiful hair!
 Hair in ringlets rather dark than fair."
 Salamanca High School.
Delta Clonian, Glee Club.



"Shin"

HELENA MEHAN, Plattsburgh.
 "The mildest manners with the bravest mind."
 Plattsburgh High School.
Delta Clonian.



"Bernadette"

BERNADETTE MITCHELL, Plattsburgh.
 "Revealings deep and clear are thine of wealthy smiles."
 D'Youville Academy.
Delta Clonian, Glee Club.

LEDA MOCK, Fort Edward.
 "The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind, the wisest books."
 Fort Edward High School.
Delta Clonian.



THE CARDINAL



Gladys Mulholland, "Gladys" Mineville.
 "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
 These three alone lead to sovereign power."
 Mineville High School.



Ruth Naish, "Rut" Gloversville,
 "She knows the glory of a firm capacious mind."
 Gloversville High School.



Howard Northup, "Hap" Fort Ann.
 "Always sincere." Fort Ann High School.
Basketball, Baseball.



Mary O'Connell, "Bonny" Plattsburgh.
 "She is as good as she is fair,
 None—none on earth above her,
 As pure in thot as angels are;
 To know her, is to love her."
 AKΦ, *Glee Club.* Plattsburgh High School.



Ruth O'Donnell, "Ruth" Hudson Falls.
 "Judge thou me by what I am
 So shall thou find me fairest."
 Hudson Falls High School.
 Hudson Falls Training Class.
Delta Clonian, Salutatorian.

THE CARDINAL

HELENA O'FLYNN,
"Micky"
"Live while you may
Tomorrow brings another day."
ΑΦΘ

Rochester.

East High School.



MARY OTIS,
"Mary"
"How pure at heart and sound at head."
ΑΚΦ

ROSE O'NEIL,
"Peggy"
"So fair, she takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unawares."
ΑΦΘ

Harkness.

Ausable Forks High School.



ESTHER PARSONS,
"Esther"
"O true in word and tried in deed."
ΑΦΘ

Dannemora.

Central High School.
Syracuse.

MILDRED PARSONS,
"Mildred"
"You were born for something great."
Honor Student.

Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh High School.



THE CARDINAL



WILHELMINA PFISTER,

"She was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet, was never loud."

Carthage.

Carthage High School.
Skidmore College.



"Fiz"

FLORA PFISTERER,

"True greatness is sovereign wisdom."
Poughkeepsie High School.

AΦΘ, Honor Student.



AGNES POWERS,

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ



"Rena"

RENA PROULX,

"In youth and beauty, wisdom is but wise."
Holy Ghost Academy.

AKΦ, Glee Club, Fun Editor of Cardinal.



HELEN PURDY,

"It is the frog's own croak that betrays him."
Amsterdam High School.

Delta Clonian, Glee Club, Honor Student.

"Helen"

Amsterdam.

THE CARDINAL

"Anna"

ANNA REED,

Fort Edward.

"In praise and in dispraise, the same
A woman of well-tempered frame."

Fort Edward High School.

AΦΘ



"Anne"

ANNA RENISON,

Watertown.

"He that hath patience may compass anything."

Watertown High School.

AΦΘ



"Dot"

DOROTHY RICE,

Richland, N. J.

"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."

Vineland High School.

Glee Club.



"Edith"

EDITH RITCHIE,

Plattsburgh.

"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."

AΚΦ



"Gen"

GENEVIEVE ROBINSON,

Plattsburgh.

"The understanding to direct and the hand to execute."

Britannia High School.
Vancouver, British Columbia.



THE CARDINAL



"Myrtle"
MYRTLE ROBINSON, Port Henry.
"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."
Port Henry High School.

SARA ROCKOVITZ, "Sally" Gloversville.
"So well to know her own,
That what she wills to do or say
Seems, wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."
Academy High School,
ΛΦΘ, Basketball, Glee Club, Honor Student. Erie, Pa.



"Hazel"
HAZEL ROGERS, West Berne.
"She has good health and good sense—
Two of life's greatest blessings."
Cobleskill High School
and Training Class.



"Emma"
EMMA ROONEY, Plattsburgh.
"Only a true, strong and sound mind can embrace equally
great things and small."
D'Youville Academy.
Plattsburgh High School.



"Ruth"
RUTH RYDER, Morrisonville.
"A happy soul, that all the way,
To heaven hath a summer's day."
Ellenburg Depot High School.
Delta Clonian, Honor Student. Hudson Falls Training Class.



THE CARDINAL

"Ed"

EDNA SCHENKEL,

"She has more goodness in her little finger
Than some others have in their whole body."

Easthampton High School.

Delta Clonian.



"Orva"

ORVA SCHOONERMAN,

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Delta Clonian.

Palmyra.

Palmyra High School.

"Scotty"

HELEN SCOTT,

"A certain miracle of symmetry
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little."

Rochester.

East High School.

Delta Clonian.



"Ruth"

RUTH MOONEY SEXTON,

"I dare to be honest, and I fear no labor."

Plattsburgh State Normal School.

"Esther"

ESTHER SEYMOUR,

"Her very frowns were fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh Normal High School.

AKΦ



THE CARDINAL



"Rose"

ROSANNA SHEAR,

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Gloversville.

Gloversville High School.

AΦΘ



"Bess"

BESSIE SHERMAN,

"Laughing cheerfulness throws the light of day on all the
pains of life; sorrow is more confusing and distract-
ing than so-called giddiness."

Honor Student.

Fort Edward.

Fort Edward High School.



"Phoebe"

PHOEBE SLADE,

"Better not be at all than not be noble."

Ballston Spa.

Ballston Spa High School.

Ballston Spa Training Class.



"Marg"

MARGERY SLATER,

"She is more fair than words can say."

Keene Valley High School.

AKΦ



"Kate"

CATHERINE SMALLEY,

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be
content."

Stowe, Vt.

Stowe High School.

Delta Clonian, Glee Club.

THE CARDINAL

"Smithy"

ELSIE SMITH,

"Knowledge is just like the sun in the heavens

Inviting us to noble deeds and lighting our path."

Plattsburgh High School.

*Delta Clonian, Glee Club, Editor-in-Chief of Cardinal.
Honor Student.*



HAZEL SMITH, "Smithy" Crown Point.

"The reason firm the temperate will
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill
A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

AKΦ

Crown Point High School.

"Tess"

TERESA SMITH,

"Those that govern the most sometimes make the least noise."

Westport High School.

Westport Teacher Training Class.

AKΦ



"Hazel"

HAZEL SNYDER,

"I came—I saw—I conquered"

Watertown High School.

Skidmore College.

"Ang"

ANGELA STEVES,

"Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time."

Hudson Falls High School.

Hudson Falls Training Class.

Delta Clonian.



THE CARDINAL



HAZEL STOWELL, "Rose" Rochester.
 "Life has no pleasure nobler than that of friendship."
 Charlotte High School.

AKΦ



ELEANOR SWANICK, "Eleanor" Ballston Spa.
 "My notions of life are much the same as they are about traveling; there is a good deal of fun on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest." Ballston Spa High School.

AKΦ



BERNARD TRACY, "Tracy" Rochester.
 "It is always fair weather when good fellows get together." West High School.
Treasurer of Senior Class, Baseball, Basketball, Honor Student.



BESS TURNER, "Bess" Plattsburgh.
 "I have been too much occupied with things themselves to think either of their beginning or their end." Plattsburgh High School.

AKΦ

THE CARDINAL

"Kathryn"

KATHRYN VAUGHAN,

"The circle of noble-minded people is the most precious of all I have won."

Plattsburgh High School.



Plattsburgh.

Plattsburgh.



FANNIE VOLPERT,

"Fan"

Lake Placid.

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

Lake Placid High School.

ΑΦΘ

"Peg"

JANET WEAVER,

"Great is the strength of an individual soul true to its highest trust."

Lake Placid High School.

ΑΚΦ



Newman.



"Webbie"

ELEANOR WEBB,

Salem.

"Great minds had rather deserve applause without obtaining it, than obtain it without deserving it."

Salem Washington Academy.

Delta Clonian, Glee Club, Athletic Council.

"Mart"

MARTHA WEBSTER,

Town Line.

"She's all my fancy painted her
She's lovely, she's divine."

Lancaster High School.

Delta Clonian, Glee Club, Literary Editor of Cardinal.



THE CARDINAL



"Weedie"

HELEN WEEDE,

"I make the most of my enjoyments and as for my troubles,
I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself and
never let them annoy others."

Waverly.
Waverly High School.

AKΦ



"Mary"

MARY WHEELER,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Ballston Lake.
Round Lake High School.



"Miriam"

MIRIAM WLADIS,

"Great works are performed, not by strength, but by
perseverance."

Elmira.
Elmira Free Academy.

AΦΘ, Honor Student.



LEOLA WOOD, "Baby Would" Lake Placid.
"Life is made up of little things, in which smiles and kindness
and small obligations, given habitually are what win the
heart."

Lake Placid High School.

AΦΘ



"Laura"

LAURA YATES,

"I have no other than a woman's reason."
Fort Edward High School.
Hudson Falls High School.
Hudson Falls Training Class.

THE CARDINAL

MARTHA ZIMMERMAN, "Mart" Rochester.
"There is none like her—none!" Rochester High School.

AΦΘ



Rochester.
Rochester High School.



RUTH ZINGISSEER, "Bobby" Mamaroneck.
"And thou art worthy, full of power
As gentle, liberal-minded, great,
Consistent, wearing all that weight
Of learning, lightly as a flower."

AΦΘ

Mamaroneck High School.

MARGARET FYANS, "Margaret" Ausable Forks.
"Her smile was like a rainbow, flashing from a misty sky."
Ausable Forks High School.



CHARLES BRAULT, "Horse" Plattsburgh.
"The reason why some people make such a success of minding
their business is because there is no one to compete with
them."

Plattsburgh High School.

Business Manager of Cardinal, Baseball, Bowling.

In Memoriam

Helen Connell

Born—January 4, 1902

Died—January 3, 1922



Resignation

She is not dead—the child of our affection:
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection;
And Christ Himself doth rule.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives:
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken
May reach her where she lives.

There is no Death—what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian!
Whose portal we call Death.

In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led;
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution
She lives—whom we call dead!

—Longfellow.

Class History

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore;
We should be wary, then, who go before
A Myriad yet to be; and we should take
Our bearing carefully where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake."

So might we compare the past two years of our lives with the scenes of a voyage, the end of which is near at hand.

On the morning of September 13, 1921, we set sail in our small bark on life's broad ocean, when about one hundred twenty-five sailors filed into the corridors and classrooms of the State Normal School to begin what we anticipated, a successful voyage. Although we were young and inexperienced and although we hadn't among our crew any Christopher Columbus, Balboa or DeSoto, yet we had the courage of our convictions that we learn to do by doing and so launched bravely out with the greatest of confidence and security.

The first few weeks of Normal School life was indeed a novelty for some; others longed for home and home surroundings.

At the close of the social season homesickness had become extinct and both "Generals" and "Commercialites" took up their oars with care to ply the sea of duty. We kept in mind the saying of Carlyle, "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty. The second duty will already have become clearer."

Early in the year the Junior class was organized. Edwin Andrews was elected President, Eleanor Smith, Vice-President, Edward Dodds, Secretary and Lillian Finnegan, Treasurer. Under the leadership of these officers our bark sailed along with great rapidity. Mr. Andrews, like Christopher Columbus, realized the responsibility of such a position from the first and kept the interest of everyone in mind.

Soon the holidays were at hand and after a few days of recreation the Junior class resumed its noble work with greater vim than previously. However, it was with sadness that we recorded one well-beloved member of the Junior class, Helen Connell, missing in our roll-call.

"O not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth.
And took our class-mate away."

It makes us grieve to think that one so young should die and leave unfinished what she might have achieved.

Midyear with all that it meant to us proved to be a breaker, but with few exceptions the Junior class sailed safely through.

Following this tedious period we were favored with a little pleasure which took the form of a mid-year dance. After a great deal of commendable preparation on the part of both Juniors and Seniors, the "never-to-be-forgotten" evening arrived on February 10.

Several basketball teams were formed among the students and brought much praise from every spectator who watched them.

On color day at chapel time, the Juniors quickly showed what a wide-awake class they were by giving their class song and yells. Being fully surprised, the Seniors could not give a yell in return.

June 15 was the "Junior Prom". The gymnasium was very prettily decorated in our noble colors of blue and gray. With the good music and the gay couples the evening proved to be a great success as all the other Junior affairs had been.

Onward the Junior class sailed until we were fully aware that the first half of our voyage was successfully passed. Friendships had sprung up between the classes that were about to be severed although we noted the Seniors' short-comings, yet we knew their good points outweighed their weaker ones, and it was with sadness that we greeted commencement and bade them farewell and God-speed.

In September, 1922, after a very delightful summer's vacation, our crew was almost all together again to renew now final voyage. Now, we were Seniors, Now, we were to guide and encourage those entrusted to our care, namely, the Juniors. It was very hard for them to realize that they had hills to climb and rough roads to cross, if they ever attained the name of Seniors.

The usual social activities pre-dominated for the first few weeks until the Juniors became accustomed to living without their mothers.

The members of our voyage then re-organized and as Mr. Andrews served us with such ability during our Junior year, we chose him as our Senior President.

All too soon the time flew by and midyear with its trials was again upon our tracks. The Seniors naturally optimistic and knowing something of the work of the preceding year managed to survive as usual.

The second semester rolled around and on the morning of March 14 as we had surprised the Senior class last year we surprised the Juniors this year by giving our class song and our class yell. They had no song or yell so they could just clap their hands and roll their thumbs. Days slipped into weeks and weeks into months until the end of our school days was at hand. Although these two years have been filled with tempests and breakers, they have been pleasant ones. Now that our voyage is about to end we wish to thank all those that have made it possible for us to succeed in our undertaking.

Our voyage together has joined us more closely as a class and has deepened our friendships which will last through life. We will say with R. W. Emerson, "We do not believe there is any force in today to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old ship, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and Onward for evermore". We cannot stay amid the ruins.

VERN E. BRADLEY.

Class Prophecy



If we turn back to the dusty pages of the most ancient books, we read of wise men, whose mission was to prophesy the truth to the people.

Unfortunately, for a prophet especially, it was not always feasible and advisable to tell the truth. We read that some of the greatest prophets, who foretold the future more clearly and more truly than others were put to death by the most cruel and fiendish methods. The crowds acted this way towards those excelling in this noble work because if they were to believe in them it would interfere with some of their pleasures and fancies.

When I was advised that I had been chosen as class prophet, all that I had read concerning prophets flashed before my mind and it seemed so frightful and overwhelming that I was simply dazed. For the moment I realized and believed that I should receive the same treatment that some of my great predecessors had undergone and as a result of this realization, I weakened and went into a deep trance. What followed I can remember only as a long dream, or rather two dreams. With your kind permission I shall endeavor to relate them.

My first dream is certainly one that I shall always remember. It has been, as it were, indelibly engraved in my memory. I dreamed of today of this very moment; but Alas! the audience was a very different one. Instead of smiling faces as I see you today I faced a threatening, shrieking mob. Nevertheless I was compelled to continue and fulfill my task. As I depicted the future of each one of my erstwhile friends, it seemed that every word I uttered was like oil added to an already raging fire. The strain was beginning to tell on me, but just as I thought I was lost forever, and as I was about to succumb to the taunts and insults, the mist before my mind cleared for an instant and oh! the inexpressible relief that I experienced when I beheld that my champion Lil Finnegan had come to save me. She carried me to my room and soothed my feverish brain. She then comforted me with kind words and insisted upon my taking a vial which she assured me would quiet my excited nerves and would carry me into a far more interesting dreamland.

Then followed my second dream and it was, indeed, as pleasant and interesting as the first one had been fearful and repulsive. I was conveyed into another world and there I saw as in a book what the future had in store for each and everyone of us. Mary Behan and Eleanor Webb are keeping bachelor apartments in New York City. We are glad their fond hopes and ambitions have been realized. Verne Bradley is married to an "Earl". The best was certainly none too good for Verne. Blanche Brunelle is now in the Old Ladies Home. She has organized a basketball team there but it takes all the "pep" she ever had to be successful in such an undertaking. Edna Charlebois has her "Vic" and is happy listening to "Her Master's Voice". Of course Paderewski is dead, but his death was not mourned long because Ruth Courter was able to take his place. Alida Densmore is now playing in the Ziegfeld Follies. Who would ever have thought she would turn out that way.

Gladys Cooke is now taking her mother-in-law's place. There is always a great rush to get room and board there. Evidently "Cookie" believes that one good turn deserves another. Ruth Gray has moved to Pennsylvania where the motto is, "Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep." Margaret Dwyer is now a Supervisor of Sixth Grade geography. Her specialty is showing slides of South America. Ah! here we are in a large theatre. The applause is deafening. We look up on the stage and see the Balcony Scene in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet". Of course Lil Finnegan is playing Juliet. Who can her Romeo be? Helen McLaughlin's affections are at last tied. Even though it did take a Locke to do it. Ellen Forrence is now keeping house. She was getting plenty of practice when we knew her. Ruth Consaul is still well and strange as it must be George is feeding her prunes. Stella Downs and Selma Hoffman have a school modelled after Angelo Patri's. They argue a good deal about who is the most competent teacher but still it is quite a school. Eleanor Swanick is still telling jokes. Anna Flannigan is with her yet and laughs at them as much as ever. Margaret Fyans is teaching in a district school near Ausable Forks. There must be some attraction there. What is this? We are being taken across the ocean too? Oh yes! Porto Rico. Someone is waving to us on shore. Why! it is Grace Karl or course. She is as small as ever and we can hardly recognize her with her kindergarten class of little Porto Ricans. Helen Holland is driving a taxi between Plattsburgh and Peru. She must know the road quite well by this time. She was quite well acquainted with it in our Normal School days. Edith Kelly is now a partner in "Lenegen's Grocery Store". Addie Goodale is now living in Syracuse. There is a doctor's sign on the house, so Ada must have been true to him. Julia Haley is now teaching in Geneseo, the only Normal School in the state. Martha Zimmerman and Peggy King are in charge of Leonard's Dancing Academy and are very successful. No doubt, they still have to thank the Normal students for their prosperity. Arleeta Knickerbocker is now head of the Commercial Department. That is not surprising though. Everyone predicted a great future for her. Mildred Parsons and Kathryn Vaughan are now filling the Misses Barker's positions, and although Dorthea Letson and Helena Mehan tried for the positions they had to be satisfied with being principals of the Elm and Broad Streets schools. Mae Mannigan is now drawing teacher in P. S. N. S. She certainly got a good start while practice teaching in the 7th grade. Gladys Mulholland is selling a tonic that will make one "get thin quick" and although it has done Gladys no good it might do wonders for others. Mary Otis is now running errands for some firm. She got good practice while in the 1st grade at the Normal. The Misses O'Flynn and Renison are now running an Elite Fashion Shop. They always were great on styles anyway. Wilhelmina Pfister and Hazel Snyder are now in some college in California. They evidently believe that "Variety is the spice of life". Mary Reardon has married her Nelson and is now a "Courier" between Plattsburgh and Rouses Point. Agnes Powers is still the sweet girl she was when we knew her even though she does like airs (Ayres). Genevieve Robinson is now a sculptor and is making a bust to replace the one she broke in the Study Hall. Alyce Ryan is now running an alarm clock factory. These alarms are sure to ring. Alyce realizes the necessity of getting to school on time and is now helping humanity with

her wonderful invention. Esther Seymour has at last reached perfection in the art of delivery—of speech we mean. Her voice was very low when she delivered her essay. Dorothy Rice is now teaching in the "School for Defective Children" in Vineland, N. J. The Misses Slade and Kirby are teaching in a Consolidated School. Mr. Shallies always said that was where we (Generals) would be in years to come. Bernie Darrah, our Class Manager, has lost his job. He married Helen Purdy and she does all the managing there is to be done. We are not surprised to hear of Hazel Smith's marriage. She had a diamond while in the Normal and we knew she'd be true. Ralph Bullis has taken Mr. Shallies' place in P. S. N. S., and will see the girls for (Conferences) at any hour. Hush! There's music in the air. Why it's Mr. Hainfeld! He is now playing the mandolin in the Redpath Chautauqua. Elsie Smith is directing the man who plays the flute in the New York Symphony Orchestra. Elsie can direct most people it seems. Kenneth Locke is quite a cripple by this time. It's his own fault though. Everyone knows what tempers red-haired people have. Helen Scott's ambitions have been realized and she is now "Poet Laureate". Bill McGaulley is now teaching in a school for the Deaf and Dumb. He never could understand how people could talk so much and never give him a chance. Janet Weaver is writing a book on "How to Boss and Still Have Friends." She is dedicating it to Anne Braw. No doubt there will be some good advice in it. Tom Brown is now in the movies and whoever has seen Wallace Reid in "The Charm School" will appreciate the picture much more with Tom playing Wally's part. The Misses Gladys Huntley, Edna Lucas and Delia Thurlow are critic teachers in P. S. N. S. They shouldn't be too hard on the pupil teachers if their memories do not fail them when they think how they used to "shiver and shake". The Misses Federman, Wladis, Rockovitz and Mrs. French are all very successful in their chosen profession. They are well supervised in their work by Harold Benway and Michael Brennan. Leda Mock and Edna Schenkel have opened hair-dressing parlors. "Special rates to Normal girls". The Turkish question is still unsettled in Europe but Helen Weed settled her question with a Turk long ago and is now enjoying the bliss of wedded life. Edward Dodds is now librarian in P. S. N. S. Good looking girls may return their books at any hour, day, month or year.

My second dream was so pleasant that I was sorry when I awoke. Had I known at first, the pleasant future in store for each one of my classmates I am sure that I should have been delighted to reveal the future instead of being dazed and frightened as I was.

RENA Y. PROULX.



Class Will



We, the Class of 1923, of Plattsburgh State Normal School, Plattsburgh, N. Y., being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well-trained memory and superhuman understanding, do make public, this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made.

As to such estates as we possess, we do dispose of the same as follows:

In general, we bestow upon the lifeless, pepless inmates otherwise known as Juniors that infect this institution the profuse and profound judgment with which two years of Herculean toil have saturated us.

First and foremost we leave you an abundance of "Pep"—you probably do not know what this is. "Pep" is animated life displayed by Seniors, never by Juniors.

Secondly we most generously leave you a Class Song to the tune of "Blue Just Blue" but perhaps it would be advisable to change the title to "Green Just Green".

Thirdly we very liberally leave you a Class Yell. For example, here is one of ours:

Yell! Yell! Sing! Sing! Sing!
 Raise our Banner and Fling! Fling! Fling!
 For we have the Juniors on a String! String! String!
 Because their bells don't Ring! Ring! Ring!
 (A dumb bell never rings.)

In particular we make the following bequests:

To Mr. Francis Brennan—An alarm clock so he will wake up in time to find out that the Juniors are supposed to have a Class Song and a Class Yell—seeing that Katie neglected her duty as Advisor to the President on that occasion.

To Miss Evelyn Pettingill—A handkerchief so she will not have to holler continually, "Mamma, blow my nose."

To Miss Flossie Jette—A position as bookkeeper in a clothing store and all the Carter's ink she may need.

To Miss Elsa Felkel—The privilege of being Instructor of Accounting in P. S. N. S. next year.

To Mr. Julius Tellier—Permission to play at the dances given by the Juniors without interruption from the Seniors boys.

To Miss Catherine Phillips—A book entitled the "Life of St. Paul."

To Miss Cynthia Brooks—A pair of scissors to cut out late hours.

To Miss Norma Kohl—A copy of the song, "Who'll Take the Place of Mary."

To Miss Mildred Walker—A hair ribbon to tie up her curls.

To Miss Rita Rooney—An exclamation point for her forehead, the question mark is getting tiresome.

To Miss Bertha Bullis—An eraser to eradicate that smile.

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To Mr. Adolf Pfisterer—A copy of the story about the man in Virginia who got \$25.00 for minding his own business.

To Miss Marjorie Bruce—A position as mail carrier in P. S. N. S., as she performed her position as mail carrier to the Seniors so proficiently.

To Miss Galdys Baker—A position in Miller's orchestra blowing a horn.

To Miss Helen Ausman—Our appreciation for relieving us of so many Juniors during quarantine.

To Miss Mary Quinlan—A lemon squeezer for her crushes.

To Mr. Philip Hawkins—Five dollars with which to buy a Mallory hat so he won't forget Erma.

To Miss Pauline Gailey—A position as saleslady in Sharron's store with a Victor by her side.

To Mr. Francis Gallagher—A safe deposit box for the Senior Banner also the privilege of throwing all the hot air he wishes.

To Miss Dorothy Henry—A Sears-Roebuck catalogue so she will not have to make a hurried trip to Brooklyn to purchase some new gowns.

To Miss Marion Cronin—A catcher's mask so she will not get another black eye fighting with Johnny next year.

To Miss Mary Powers—A set of Walter Camp's reducing records.

To Miss Mary Morrissey—A life contract teaching shorthand of Mr. Jones.

To Miss Kathryn Sullivan—A bottle of glue to hold Tellier to the dates that he makes.

To Miss Frances Johnson—A more secluded parking place for Johnny's Dodge Sedan.

To Miss Evelyn Nash—A dictionary as a constant reminder of G. Heyward.

To Miss Mary McCarthy and Miss Margaret McGraw—A few more hours a day to spend together.

To Miss Katherine Kiley and Miss Hazel Pecotte—The privilege of taking some high school subjects so as to be ever near their little boys.

To Miss Mary O'Sullivan—A fashion book—long skirts are in style now.

To Miss Sylvia Johnson—Some tin curlers to keep her hair always in curl.

To Mr. Harold Stratton—Some springs for his feet to enable him to take Tom Brown's position as center on the basketball team next year.

To Miss Lillian Pardy—A standing invitation from Horace to the sugar bush every year.

To Miss Lulu Finnigan and Miss Mary Caffrey—Our very best wishes.

To Miss Maude Fifield—An eyebrow pencil to keep those eyebrows ever black.

To Mr. John O'Connell—A "Bovine Lavalier" (Cowbell) so Miss Ketchum can find you after school.

To Miss Elizabeth DeLisle—A little kitten to take the place of the numerous cats' pictures on her wall.

To Miss Aileen Rockwell—A pocket edition of "What Is a Vamp?"

To Miss Mercedes Tierney—A horn so that she may blow more often about her class.

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To Miss Eileen McGaulley—As we got her goat on Song Day we wish to give it back.

To Mr. Hayward Webster—A red necktie, diamond stick pin and jockey cap to go with his checkered suit.

To Miss Helen Northrop—A life membership in the History of Ed. Class.

To Miss Marion Holland—A position as instructor of dancing at P. S. N. S.

To Miss Agnes Corrigan—A book of answers to all questions.

To Miss Helen McCaffrey—Some nerve so she will not hesitate to ask a man to go to the Normal dances.

To Miss Margaret Carroll—A season's ticket to all P. H. S. basketball games next year to watch her hero play.

To Miss Charlotte Hulihan—A chaperon to accompany her and Bill to the Normal dances as they are so young.

To Mr. Foster Loso—A bungalow, as we understand he will need it in the near future.

To Misses Maude Hayes, Irene Raciot, and Katie O'Connell—Each a maximum silencer to enable the rest of the Juniors to get a word in edgewise.

To Miss Helen Spencer—A quiver of arrows to aid her in her Norman Conquest.

To Miss Julia Shufelt—A settee with a Brown as a constant reminder of her engagement.

To Miss Genevieve Lyons—A file to take the edge off her voice.

To Miss Hannah Marvin—Your pick of any Junior boy in P. S. N. S. but Foster Loso.

To Mr. Maynard Columbe—A couple of more subjects to study next year as a diversion from his radio.

To Miss Carolyn Greenlund—Angela Steve's monopoly of Mary Quinlan.

To Miss Genevieve Milvo—An assortment of excuses for next year as Dr. Pierson won't accept falling on the ice as an excuse.

To Miss Mary Grimes—An interest in an orphan asylum as she has had so much practice mothering the small Juniors who roomed at Loso's.

To Miss Laura Sorrell—A round-trip ticket to Peru to visit her angel. (Gabriel).

To the Faculty we give our sincere affection, our deepest reverence, our heartiest gratitude, and the whole unlimited wealth of our eternal memory.

In witness whereof we, the Class of 1923 the testators, have to this our will set our hand and seal this twenty-first day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

CLASS OF 1923.

Per HELEN McLAUGHLIN.

Witnesses:

Char(lot)te Hulihan.

Sarah H(of)man.

Bertha (Bull)is.

Charge to the Juniors



Since the beginning of the first semester, September 13, 1922, the intelligent and dignified Senior class has been doing its utmost to show you adolescent Juniors the proper manner in which you must prepare for your future profession, and it is only on account of our untiring efforts that you are now able to appreciate our leadership and to hope some day that leadership will be thrust upon you.

When we held our first class meeting a few of your representatives were loitering in the halls and as the air resounded with our gifted speech you were able to get enough information to hold a meeting of your own. Perhaps you elected officers but, if so, we have never heard from them.

In our hearts we had a tender feeling for you poor misguided children and our beautiful banner was hung in the girls' study hall in order that our colors, blue and silver, might lead you on to greater things.

The Senior dance, naturally, was a great success and the leading newspapers spoke very highly of it. We thank you, Juniors, for the manner in which you conducted yourselves at so wonderful a social function. The orchestra was the very best obtainable and your feet were bound to lead you in the right direction.

Although you were given many hours of entertainment a few of your poor homesick lads took our magnificent banner from the wall and carried it home with them where, every night, they would gaze upon it and thus get an inspiration for their daily work. The remainder of the Junior class was soon affected by its absence and informed us as to its whereabouts. The young men of the Senior class did not lose any time and on the evening of the Junior dance, under their very intellectual and alert leaders, they soon had the majority of the male specie of their underclassmen under lock and key, wishing that they could attend the dance instead of being in the back room of a hotel where they could do nothing but grumble. What else may have happened that night only the Juniors will tell. Anyway, the Seniors' banner was back in school the very next day and the Seniors were victorious as usual.

Juniors, you have been ambitious along certain lines but you reached your limit when you had the audacity to pit your juvenile basketball team against that of your superiors. When the game was over the score proved that the Seniors were the school champions. How reckless you were when you played the Normal High School and were beaten so decisively.

You surely did your best when you gave your dance. Everything turned out as we had expected—a poorly waxed floor, a depleted orchestra and a small attendance. We won't say a thing about your decorations, considering it was your first attempt.

The January examinations certainly proved to us that you knew less than the average Normal School student. We tried our best to educate you but all that we can say is "Rousseau was right" and you should have taken up the beautiful works of nature before undertaking this course. However, you could not fool the State authorities and you are obliged to remain here for three years instead of the usual

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two. You have achieved one thing: You are the first class that was ever compelled to take a three-year course in the Plattsburgh State Normal School. You surely need it and, if you do manage to graduate at the end of that time, do not forget that some of your present upperclassmen will be in a position to make or break you.

Before your time is up do not forget to have a class song no matter if you borrow ours. How enthusiastically you applauded when, under the leadership of Miss Markham, our song was rendered by the student body to the accompanying strains of our most talented orchestra. Of course, everyone expected you to sing your song but you did not have one. We then gave our yell and you sat back in your seats wishing that you had some of our "pep".

In a few days we shall leave you to your fate. We leave behind us the noble deeds of a model class and we sincerely hope that you will follow in our footsteps and be a credit to your Alma Mater. You are young and, as one of your colors signify, very green in the world. You have much to learn and little to forget. We shall always be interested to know what you are doing here and though our duties take us to new fields we wish you the best of luck during the next two years of your training as teachers.

The profession needs men and women who are capable of acting upon their own initiative and we advise you to turn over a new leaf. For your motto you could find nothing better than "The Class of '23".

B. T.



Class Oration



The time is past, if it ever existed, when a nation is justified in upholding a policy of isolation. Modern inventions and commerce have drawn all parts of the world more closely together than any two adjoining countries could have been in mediæval times. We are in a world of service—each country must cooperate for the good of all.

America, as a leading nation of the world, is in a position to render the greatest service to mankind. Mankind is looking to her for leadership. She has the wealth, she has the youth, she has the energy, and greatest of all she has high ideals—those ideals that have made America the nation that she is, that proclaim that every people have the right to live their own life under the government which they themselves choose to set up, that champion the rights of the weak, and that stand for open and fair dealing. It is these ideals and principles that the nations of the world need today—the principles upon which world politics must be based—and it is clear that America whose government, educational system, and institutions are founded on these principles must offer her services as a teacher of all nations. We must assume this leadership, based upon new moral principles and a new ideal of national service. All our lives, we have cultivated the opinion in America that we had nothing to do with the rest of the world, and with Europe in particular. We must abolish this selfish idea and play our hand in world politics, not in its old world intrigues, burdens, and sorrows, but in the inevitable way to leadership—to a leadership so great in the service of humanity, that it will ask nothing but to serve.

But you may say this is a world of cold, hard facts, not of ideals. What has the United States done to prove that she can assume this leadership?

By the sheer genius of our people and the growth of our power we have become a determining factor in the history of mankind. The part played by us in the World War gave us the foremost place among the nations of the world. After the war we were asked to assume the responsibility of drawing up a peace treaty. Our ideals were respected by every nation of the world. Every nation believed that we would draw up a treaty giving justice to all. A peace commission was appointed which left for Europe and after many weeks of hard work produced a treaty. But it was not a treaty conforming to the highest ideals of mankind. It reflected much of the selfishness and hatred of the nations. One must not believe that it was the statesmen who failed humanity in drawing up this treaty. Rather, it was the spirit of the people behind them that failed. All the nations had not yet caught the vision.

Since then it seems that we as a nation have not put our whole soul and energy into serving mankind for America now stands selfishly, hesitating to perform her world mission of service. But she must not fail! She must take the place for which she is so abundantly fitted and lift the nations to a place of world peace and world brotherhood, to a greater civilization than has yet been. This generation, coming generations, all people must be made to see that we are in a world of one unit and

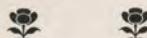
that a nation's greatness is measured by its ability to serve.

But world management is a big, vague, indefinite, sort of question and you may ask, what can I do? How can I help in America's gigantic work? Our services will consist in creating a sentiment for justice, for the brotherhood of man, for upright living, for correct reasoning, and serious thinking, so that when there is another conference of world powers the spirit of the people behind the statesmen will not fail humanity.

We can create this sentiment by our daily teaching. The work may seem monotonous, we may not always be in the limelight, our work may not be appreciated, but we must not despair. So many are toiling and struggling for that which endures but for a day! They are struggling to accumulate wealth, to do something that will reflect their greatness. Not so with our work. Ours is an invisible work for as some poet has said, "Teachers are builders of immortal souls."

But service is the teacher's heritage. It has come down to you and me through all the ages. As in a vision I see a vast throng of teachers—teachers who have served the world, who have inspired mankind. I see Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Jesus Christ, the great spiritual teacher, Erasmus, Pestalozzi, Horace Mann, the teachers of today. I see you too, my classmates, just entering the field of service.

BERNARD E. LAVIGNE.



Ivy Oration



It is with hearts filled with honor and regret that we gather here to add the final pledge to our Alma Mater.

We have looked forward to this day with eagerness, but now that it is here, we experience a feeling of deep regret. The bond of companionship may be broken, but our many true friendships shall endure.

Our Normal School days have been pleasantly associated, and as we look back upon our tasks and failures, which at the time seemed so dark, they appear today as mere trifles. We must now face the great school of life. We will fail or be successful in so far as we have worked to place our foundation upon a firm rack of knowledge.

Our success in completing our courses has been largely due to the skilful teaching and encouragement of our Normal School instructors. To them we extend our sincere gratitude.

May this ivy symbolize the hopes and aims of the class of 1923. May it take firm root and flourish through the years to come, as we hope the spirit of our class will live.

ARLEETA KNICKERBOCKER.

President's Address

Schoolmates, Members of the Faculty, and Friends: Let us venture into the realm of imagination. Suppose, for example, that there were only one school in the United States. Suppose, furthermore, in this school, there were to be but two teachers. If you will continue to use your imagination, suppose one of the teachers to be J. Pierpont Morgan, the other Professor Lane Cooper. J. Pierpont Morgan needs no introduction; Professor Lane Cooper does. The name of Morgan and money are almost synonymous. Professor Cooper is a quiet, unassuming teacher who has been buried for nearly half a century in the obscurity of an American University.

Whom will you choose as your teacher from the two, J. P. Morgan, a wizard of finance, "a money getter" or Professor Cooper whose main accomplishment in life has been the teaching of how to think and how to live?

Before making your choice of teachers consider these words of Phillip Brooks: "He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

Are you now ready to choose between the two teachers? Mr. Morgan's creed may be represented by a dollar sign; Professor Cooper's by the word *Service*. After all, you do not have to greatly stretch your imagination for we are all in school. We who are now about to leave this school will enter a new and greater one, the school of life. There are only the two teachers ready to serve us—first, the teacher of Morgan's type who teaches the attainment of success for the sake of success; second the teacher of Professor Cooper's calibre, who teaches success, for the sake of service.

To the teaching profession, more than any other profession today the challenge of service presents itself. It is true, indeed, that there is a temptation to seek success for the sake of success and success alone. We who are about to enter the teaching profession if we would remain there long must accept foremost among all motives, the motive of service.

Dr. Hawkins and Members of the Faculty, we want you to know that we appreciate the fact that you are teachers of service in the real sense and that for the past two years you have made us realize the significance of service.

Class of 1925, we surrender to you the leadership in school activities and we know that your further aspirations will be of the highest because of the devotion of your teachers to your interests.

Seniors, let us ever keep in mind that our teachers here are teachers of service; that the teachers throughout this great country of ours whose worth signifies an ever-present influence of good are teachers of service. Not only should we respect, but we must respect this idea of service so firmly implanted in the lives of our own teachers, in the lives of all real teachers. We cannot be teachers in the true sense unless we adopt the motto of service today, tomorrow, forever.

EDWIN C. ANDREWS.

Salutatory



Teachers, Fellow Students, Friends:

June has come, bringing the realization of our hopes and aspirations. We rejoice today because of our achievements. Your presence here adds to our rejoicing.

Frequently during the past year our impatience has made this day seem very remote. Now that it is here there is mingled with our joy a deep regret at the thought of parting from our friends, and the school that means so much to us.

Here we have worked and played together, helping each other as comrades. Our teachers by their kind and sympathetic interest in our welfare, have inspired us with high ideals and ambitions. Arising within us is a desire to add to the profession, teachers worthy of our Alma Mater. As the members of this class succeed, we shall be ever grateful to you who have helped us when we needed guidance and encouragement.

In this spirit of thankfulness and appreciation we, the Class of 1923, welcome you.

RUTH O'DONNELL.

Valedictory



Two years ago this Commencement Day seemed a far off vision—a sparkling vision—a vision nevertheless. Today this vision has become a reality. We graduates are on the threshold of the Promised Land; the land of our dreams; the land where we are to give Service. At no other time in the history of education, were the opportunities in the educational field as great as they are now. Through the cooperation of communities and legislators, the vocational field of education has expanded until now the number of vocations offered in an ordinary sized school, has to be indexed. With the splendid preparation that we have received during the last two years at this institution, each one of us should be anxious to lend a helping hand in the education of our future citizens.

Members of the Faculty! The moment of parting is drawing nearer and nearer, and we are beginning to realize our gratitude to you for the training you have given us. You have been our teachers, our friends, and our guides. You not only have taught us book lore, but the art of living; you have shared our joys and sorrows and guided us past many a stumbling block. Two years ago you received into your care a number of irresponsible children; today you are sending forth a group of men and women who are prepared to assume responsibilities, and carry onward your noble principles and lofty ideals. No reward can compensate you for the energy you have expended, except our undying appreciation and our sincere desire to live up to your teachings.

Dear Classmates! Each one of us experiences a feeling of sadness when we realize that this is the last day we are to spend as students in this place which has been our home the last two years. We came here as strangers and part as life-long friends. Some of us may never see each other again, but the pleasant memories, cherished as treasures, will be with us throughout life.

In these halls we have spent many a happy hour in storing away knowledge that we are now to pass on to others. The diplomas we receive today are emblems of the "value we received." In accordance with the Law of Compensation we are unconsciously signing today a life's promissory note "For value received I promise to pay." As part payment on our life's obligation, let us today take the Fire Maker's pledge, "The light which has been given me, I promise to pass undimmed to others."

B. F.

Patricia McKay Attends the Normal School

(PRIZE STORY)



September 20.

Dear Father:

Well, I've *arrived!* Yes, emphatically, with a bang! I'm in my room now writing this letter, and I feel, oh, so unnecessary and out of my sphere. I can't take time to describe my room now—it's not large, and it has a plain, little white bed, a study table, with an awfully dear little lamp with a pink scalloped shade—and, oh, it's very ordinary; but I'll like it I guess, after I get used to it. (Everything is so new and queer.)

I felt so funny at the station, Dad. We "landed" last night you know, on the six-thirty up from Albany; a bunch of us—all new, and feeling like shorn lambs—taxied uptown together. Oh, yes! there were a lot of lovely girls—Seniors—that we met on the train, and they took us under their wings. They came up with us, and told us some of the streets as we came along, but I was too tired to pay much attention to them.

I was a little disappointed—just a little—in the town,, but then, we haven't been up to school yet. Last night four of us went for a little walk around the block up on Draper Avenue (in back of the Normal) to look the place over, and gee, we couldn't tell much about it; but the campus is simply wonderful. There's a little lake, and great, tall trees, and really, you'd like it a lot. The building is large and very substantial looking, and just a little gloomy and—but I can't pass judgment on *that* as yet.

I'm tired now. It's after eleven, and really, Daddy, dear, I'll have to stop writing. (I don't know what the rules are yet in regard to lights, etc. Our landlady seems very nice.)

Please write *soon*, very *soon*!

Your loving daughter,

PATRICIA.

P. S.—I'm not a *bit* homesick, now. Be sure and write *soon*, now, *please*, please.

P. S. S.—Don't faint! Killed two hoptoads on sidewalk this evening; the place is infested with them.

October 15.

Dearest Dad:

I know I've been perfectly terrible to neglect you like this, but, honest, Dad, I don't know where I am at.

What with my new work, and meeting oodles of new girls, and going to sorority teas and dances, and rush parties, and movie parties, and walks "down to the monu-

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ment", and to the Kent De Lord House, and up to Bluff Point, gee—I'm a wreck. But I love it all. Really, it's just as much fun as college.

The Senior girls (there *aren't* any—I mean *many* boys!) have been perfectly wonderful! Daddy, you needn't worry about your little girl being homesick. We are out on parties nearly every evening, and lots of nights I don't get to bed till nearly (don't tell mother) midnight. But I have to work sometime, and when else is there time?

Your last letter was a peach—I mean it was very nice—but don't forget to keep on writing often to

YOUR DARLING.

OCTOBER 20.

Dear All:

I have to write! I can't wait another moment to tell you the news! No, I have not been expelled, nor has the school burned down, so there! Listen! This very noon I received the *loveliest* invitation to join my favorite sorority (or *fraternity*), and I'm so happy I can't contain myself.

I rather expected it, however. Margaret has been "rushing" me everywhere—gee, she's adorable—I just love her—and, now it has happenel. Oh, I just love *everybody* and *everything* in this world!

I'm simply crazy about my work. Of course, this commercial course is hard on a person, when she's been stuffing Latin and the sciences for four years!

Darn! Here comes Marg and the girls now. We're going down to the post office, and then over to Dunton's (that's the *Peachiest* ice cream parlor) and have a hot fudge.

Test in shorthand tomorrow! Ye gods!

"PATSY".

P. S.—Would appreciate a nice long letter in response, please.

November 25.

English Class

Dear Dad:

Work? Why, Daddy, they make us work so hard here, sometimes I wake at night and see the ghost of Mr. Todd asking in a voice stern and forbidding "The rules for ray, quickly, Miss McKay?"

We have settled to a regular routine, and what with Bookkeeping, Shorthand, English, etc., etc., Patricia McKay is kept pretty busy.

Did I ever mention our profs to you, Dad? We have a large variety. Our psychology prof is a fatherly man, whom everyone loves—but I can describe them all, by having you know—on the whole, our faculty consists of ten dignified men and pairs of glasses. The atmosphere of the entire school is *dignity*, Daddy, and our teachers here never come down the stairs—they *descend*; I can't picture any one of them lying down—they *recline*; they don't eat—like you and I—rather they *dine*; and as for going to bed, perish the thought, Daddy dear, they *retire*!

THE CARDINAL

Psychology Class

I'm frightened to death. I just heard some Seniors (they know everything) discussing the "weeding out" process the school undergoes in June. Ye gods! I just know I'll be kicked out. Will you find a nice, pleasant job for your daughter, please? After working in this school for a few months, some easy job like scrubbing floors, or delivering groceries, will do.

Reasonably yours,

PAT.

12.30 A. M.

Dad:

I'm disgusted, tired, blue, downhearted, everything—tonight, and I want to go home; I'm mad at the school, my roommate, and—pardon me, Dad, and I'll tell you what's bothering:

I've got an old ledger sheet and five times have I worked it out, five times it comes out \$1,257.53 short. I'll work it again and if it won't balance, I'm going to commit suicide with the gas tube and drown myself in the pond. We had a book-keeping test today, and of all the fool questions, a whole page of "ifs" and conditions of a business and then at the bottom "What would you do?" I wanted to answer truthfully, and say "hire a bookkeeper."

I'm as dull as an owl tonight, and won't depress you further; goodness sake, Dad, write to

YOUR PAT.

December 14.

Dearest Mother:

No, dear, I have not taken cold, nor have I been exercising too much, and in the face of that, I sleep with my window as far open as I can get it! (I am perfectly safe in saying that, for *you*, dearest mother are not here to have it otherwise!)

Let me warn you, I can't write much this time, for Shorthand and Bookkeeping are calling me, and their demands are insistent!

Dr. Pierson examined us this morning, and I've gained twelve pounds. Imagine! And I go skating and snow-shoeing a lot. (But, then, everybody puts on weight up here. Don't you think by penmanship is improving? *I do!*)

Mr. Thompson asked me to tell something about advertising, no-Force in Advertising, this morning, in Business English, and I got so excited, I stammered out "I haven't read that part over yet, Mr. Thompson." I felt myself growing red, I mean *red*. "Tommy" just stood there, and looked at me, and everyone was still. Then he said slowly and dreadfully: "Well, Miss McKay, suppose you read it over now, please." I tried to read it, but everything was blurred before me. Finally, I looked up, he nodded, and I began timidly. I made an awful mess of it. When I had finished, a slow twinkle dawned in his eye, and he grinned broadly. I relaxed slightly, but waited. And he said: "Well, Miss McKay, one of the most important



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things in Advertising is Bluff—your recitation was good!” Here’s where I get after that Business English.

Your daughter is developing into a perfect cram, dad and mother (I had my eyes examined today), but oh, wonderful, *wonderful*, *WONDERFULLEST* (Mr. Thompson is not here, so I can say it) Christmas is only five days and fourteen hours off!

Hastily,

“PAT.”

December 20.

Dearest Dad:

This school is in an uproar, and *me*, I am walking on cushions of pine needles. I never thought I could be more excited than when I left home for Plattsburgh, but I *am*, right now.

This morning in Assembly, Dr. Hawkins, with one of his most gracious smiles, arose from his seat and with a stern look in his eye said “hum, um, you will all be disappointed no doubt to hear of the decision of the faculty in regard to Christmas vacation.” (Ye gods! I ‘most dropped dead in my chair.) “We know you will dislike very much leaving the school, but nevertheless, it has been decided to offer you a week’s vacation. School will reopen an January 4.” Dad, if it had been Abraham Lincoln come back to life or Nero fiddling at Rome, he couldn’t have been more applauded. When we rose to leave Assembly Hall, the pianist played “Home, Sweet Home”, and I must confess, Dad, I cried. I’m wildly happy at the thoughts of going home; so happy, in fact, that the trip from Plattsburgh to Albany holds no terrors for me.

I’ve already packed and have almost decided to go to the station early in the morning, so I won’t possibly have a chance to miss the noon train. Don’t smile, Dad, but I don’t want the town band to meet me, nor the girls, nor the usual gang; I just want *you*.

PAT.

January 29.

Daddy dear:

“There are lots of things that never go by rule;
There’s a powerful lot of knowledge
That you never get in college;
And they’re heaps of things you never get in school.”

It’s been running through my mind all day, and I got to wondering what sense there is in studying on balmy winter days and working hard—I just can’t assimilate any more knowledge, Dad. Finals come tomorrow, and I’m frightened, scared, petrified—oh, just everything—I don’t know a thing, Dad, about school; but *you* know I can tinker with a car (and make it go); I can bake a cake; I can make a good supper. Would you call me educated if I quit school, and stayed home?

I’d still be your

PAT.

Dad:

I passed *every single thing* and again my sky is bright and clear—I'm so happy, but I must confess I was conditioned in arithmetic. I've crossed all the other subjects off my list. I can breathe freely once more. No, Dad! I make no resolutions about conscientious study, I'm going to live up to some of my old resolutions first.

Our mid-year dance comes this Friday, and all you can hear around the school is "Have you got a man? Is he good looking? Can he dance? Will you exchange?" They have so few boys in the school that it has been the custom for the girls to ask boys to attend the dances, and the poor boys that go! Mercy, if I were a man, I never would consent to being led before a Normal faculty, and shaken and "disgusted" like a rare fossil. Gosh, after hearing about these Normal dances, I agree with the man who said "A Mother may take twenty years to make a man of her son; a woman will take twenty minutes to make a fool of him."

No Dad, you've guessed it wrong. I'm not going to the dance, in spite of the exquisite dress Mother sent. Do you ask why? I have five reasons:

1. I haven't a man.
2. I haven't a man.
3. I haven't a man.
4. I haven't a MAN.
5. I HAVEN'T A MAN.

Resignedly,

PAT.

(Two hours later)

What do you suppose—Margaret went and called up the town, and has secured a gentleman for me for the dance. I'm rather skeptical as to his appearance, dancing ability, manners, etc., but at least he is a Man. I'm to see him Friday night.

PAT.

Dear Daddy:

Huh! He came, and such a specimen! Long, and I suppose limber, with glasses and adenoids and very light hair, parted scrupulously in the middle—regular Main Street, and number eleven shoes (or perhaps they were *imported*).

I dressed on Friday night, feeling fine and confident of having a wonderful time, when my thoughts were interrupted by the door bell, and in my Prince Charming walked—no, *stumbled*. "How do you do", says I. It was dark in the hall, and I couldn't see his face very well. He muttered something inaudible. We went; and I soon discovered that even a hero can be commonplace. When the dance was over, I vowed never to take a man to a dance on telephone value. The worst thing about the whole affair was I *did* look well in my dress (Mother, please notice), and that I should have to waste it on him—ugh.

After all, I've discovered that there is really only one Prince Charming in this whole world for me, and that's Dad!

Oceans of love from

PAT.

March 19.

Dearest of Daddies:

Help! Daddy, if you ever had one little spark of affection for your littlest daughter, *please* come to the rescue! I'm in mortal agony. INITIATION—spelled with a skull and crossbones, and everything terrible, is at hand, and we don't know whether it's before or after Easter. I wake up in the middle of the night thinking of the rats and mice in the tower room, and wondering about the depth of the Normal Pond, and thinking of how worms would taste served up with glue, and oh, hideous things!

The Seniors all go about, looking so smug and wise. I'd like to tell them a thing or two, but I don't dare; they put every little thing you say down as a black mark, and it counts against you. Seriously, Daddy, you'd better see right away about life insurance for me. I'm writing my rostrum essay, during my breathing spells. It's all about the Psychology of Teaching—pretty stiff, but I'm on my fourth page.

This I have saved for the last, and I've nearly perished, waiting to spring it. Hold onto your pipe, now—we are to have ten days for Easter vacation—Dr. Hawkins said so in Chapel this morning. I'm so thrilled! Gee, it will seem great to get home again! I will be really and truly homesick, if I don't stop.

Enthusiastically (is that right?),

PATSY.

June 15.

Dear Mother and Dad:

First of all, let me get the worst off my chest. (I really can't revise that—even if it does sound unprofessional. I really am so changed, you know. Do you know I don't say darn or gosh any more, except when I get very excited. It's so silly, don't you think?) Well, here goes:

Finals vs. Me—Me *successful* with a great, large capital S. Now aren't you proud of your youngest daughter? I *did* have to take an oral in psychology, but Daddy was so lovely to me, I didn't mind a bit. And I got 90 and 82 in Shorthand and Bookkeeping (my old friends), respectfully. I mean *respectively*. I feel all "jumpy-like" inside, and I'm afraid I do carry my head pretty high. Some of the girls "flunked" arithmetic, and I guess they'll have to come to summer school. It was rather terrible when they first knew about it—Grace Townsend threw her arms around me and sobbed prodigiously (that's my new word) but in the next breath she was excitedly telling me about her stunning, new evening dress, for the Junior Prom and Senior Reception—which leads me to the *real* theme of my letter.

I, too, will be among those present in the receiving line this year, and beside me will *not* be a stuttering, long-armed high school *kid*. No! For did I not this very morning receive a nice fat letter from my own Bobbie (you know very well *who* I mean) saying that he will be home from college Saturday, and will arrive in Plattsburgh the following Thursday evening for the Prom, providing he can make arrangements with the D. & H. to work overtime a few hours! Think of it Dad! Tra-la-la! I'm going to the dance with a *regular* man in a *regular* evening dress (I

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mean of course, I am to have the dress) all gold, and rose and lace—it ought to go well with my "raving" locks, don't you think?

I was so excited tonight at the club, that when the maid said, "Do you care for tea this evening, Miss Pat?" I said "No, I *never* use more than one spoonful." Everyone giggled. I felt foolish, but, what's the diff? Now, how did I happen to say that? I *meant difference* of course!

Excitedly,

PATSY.

P. S.—They're going to have an *eight-piece* orchestra!

Telegram:

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

To: My Dearest Dad:

Trunk left this morning. I leave this P. M. Hurrah for Camp McKay.

M. M.

and

R. G.



"Polock"

(BEST JUNIOR THEME 1921-1922)



Teska was very happy. Was not this the birthday of Stella, her sister? Teska, herself, was twelve. She was Polish. She was, withal, very human. And there was to be a party for Stella, a wonderful party, to which only American children had been asked, and each and every one had promised to come.

Teska hovered about the kitchen, where her mother was busied preparing for the party. Mrs. Stefanson, fearing she might do something wrong, in her desire to be American, had provided most generously. Everything in readiness, the mother made a final survey of her spotless, shining house. "Yes," she mused, "it does look American." There were no traces of the gaudiness common to foreigners.

Bess Stefanson had experienced utter desolation in her home-sickness during her first years in the new country. A new country, a new language—it was impossible to make oneself understood in the stores, or indeed, anywhere. Clerks were unobliging, unassisting, and tittering. Meanwhile one must stand in burning, crimson mortification, trying to make them understand. One could always hear "Polock" in the conversation of these clerks, too. In what a supercilious manner they said it. Oh! it was hard to bear.

Then the children changed it all. They began to go to school. They learned English. No longer did they use their mother tongue. Conversation came to be carried on in Polish by the mother, in English at all times by the children. The mother grieved for a while. It was hard to have one's children unwilling to use the language of their forefathers.

But it was not long before Mrs. Stefanson began to use English. Then a night school was opened for the few foreigners of the village. Mrs. Stefanson was the only woman who attended. In her keenness she saw the way to learn. She was patient, persistent and she learned much—American customs, ways of living, furnishing, cooking. One thing was lacking—she had no confidence in her English.

To go back now to the party. It was indeed a momentous day. The children were excited and anxious—this was to be an American party. It would be no such party as mother had told them about—feastings in the old country.

At the last moment, almost, Teska was sent to the store for some forgotten trifle. Now next door to the Stefansons' lived a Canadian family by the name of LeVel. They envied the prosperity of the Polish family, and resented even their presence on the street. These things, even the LeVel children showed in many maddening ways. There was that one especially hateful word they used "Polock." But Teska had heard on the day preceding, a new phrase. She had repeated it to herself over and over. "Let them call me Polock", she said, as she started out, for she knew the LeVel children were not asked to the party, and that trouble would be sure to follow.

Sure enough. On the LeVel porch sat Annette. "Now," said Teska, "I get at her first." Passing by, she looked straight at Annette and said "Canuck, Canuck, canary bird."

Too astonished to say anything else, Annette screamed "Polock!" That was enough. Teska, with sure aim let fly a small stone which had been concealed in her pocket. Annette holding her hand against a bruised cheek, ran after her. But the fleet-footed Teska was not to be caught, so Annette bore the tale of woe to Mrs. LeVel. Immediately Mrs. LeVel charged the Stefansons' back yard, dragging the weeping, angry Annette.

"Look," she screamed, "Look what your Teska did," pointing to the bruised cheek. "You Polocks—what right you got to come live nex' us, you? All the time make trouble. Make me keep my children on my own yard all time so they don't play with Polocks?"

Mrs. Stefanson grew white. But her voice was calm. "Polocks! If we *are* Polocks we haf right to *leeve* (live), to breathe, as much as you—we haf heart, we haf soul. My children can not pass your house but you yell 'Polock.' We haf as much right to this country as you. Go home and close your lips." The strange thing is, that Mrs. LeVel did just that.

Time for the arrival of the children drew near. Mrs. Stefanson grew nervous. She dreaded the ordeal. What if she should say or do something wrong. If only some other woman would come!

At length they arrived, ten little girls and oh, blessings, with Mildred Hopewell was her charming mother, who explained to Mrs. Stefanson that she invited herself, hoping to prove useful in some way.

It was a wonderful party. There were games and music. What shouts of happy, care-free laughter were heard! What an amount of food was consumed! Then more games, more "fun," until it was time to go home. It was then, Mrs. Hopewell with a look in her eyes that showed she meant and felt what she said, came to Mrs. Stefanson, and putting her arms about the little Polish woman said, "You are a wonderful woman. America is glad to claim you."

And Mrs. Stefanson, tears in her eyes said, "This is the only country. God let me lif and die here with my children. Only let me see the day I am not called 'Polock.'"

Then they were gone.

At bedtime, Teska crept into her mother's arms. "Mother, I don't care any more if LeVels do call us 'Polock' when a nice lady like Mrs. Hopewell says America is glad we are here."

R. L.

Mementoes



What is so rare as a day in June
I've heard the poets sing
What is so rare as a day in June?
I could think of a thousand things,
For a gift to choose for Mary
A gift to choose for Jane
A gift for this and that one
And yet can't be the same.
Oh Seniors, you can't realize
How sad I am and blue;
I tell you I'm most crazy
In choosing gifts for you.
And if perchance they please you
Just listen for awhile
You have my permission
To crack a little smile.
But if I hurt your feelings
By what I'm going to say
Remember you can easily
Print this above my grave:
"Here lies Mary Behan
Ring out oh mourning bells
She chose her gifts discreetly
And chose 'em all too well."—Amen.

To Marion Bigelow, a telegram from Bloomingdale.

To Kathryn Boyle, a pitch pipe to keep her in tune with Miss Garrity.

To Harriet Bradley, this club that you may handle more easily your part-time classes. We understand you will need it.

To Margaret Buckley, an "Emery" stick.

To Harmon Bulley, a toy pistol to use on "Charlie" Brault so that you may be sure of at least two or three minutes' talk in Economics class.

To Arthur Cogan, a question mark to remind you of your experiences in classes where all recitations were questions to you.

To Venita Columbe, stock in the Beech-Nut Gum Co., so that you will always have your favorite brand.

To Joseph Connors, a Ford car. We heard you wanted a new one, Joe.

To Beatrice Coulon, a contract as artist's model that you may make use of your various poses.

To Louise Coulter, a pair of "Lyle" stockings.

To Margaret Daly, this picture in memory of the many friendly handclasps she has given to her classmates.

To Alice Densmore, a book of advice on "How to Take Care of My Sister."

To Rocelia Durkee, a flashlight so that you'll take no more tumbles in the dark.

To Mary Ellis, a ticket to Cadyville so "Bernie" won't be lonesome next year.

To Mary Engel, an aeroplane that you may cross the ocean to assist De Valera.

We hear you are in favor of the Irish Republic, Mary.

To Rosalie Esmond, this book on "Learn Elocution" edited by Captain Billy.

To Alban Fitzpatrick, a house in which to keep his "Barber."

To Nellie Fletcher, a race horse to replace the one she drove to school last year.

To Hazel Garrant, a Ford so that you will not over-run the "Buick."

To Rose Gold, a contract with "Bob" Ott as his leading lady in the chorus.

To Marie Hansa, a permanent meal ticket at Cost's with the stipulation that you order only grapefruit and coffee.

To Irene Harrington, a box of candy. "Sweets to the sweet."

To Helen Holland, we leave this mark of distinction so that you won't be mistaken for the rest of the "Hollands."

To Margaret Holland, a screen behind which you may hide when you hear "Daddy's" footsteps approaching.

To Elizabeth Houghton, a "Hank" of yarn.

To Grace Jones, a trumpet of announcement so that the Senior class will know where their beauties are.

To Helen Kathan, a bar of soap to wash away her pouts.

To Ruth Keith, we leave special permission to obtain her own books from the library so that Ralph will not have to explain why you use the same books.

To Elizabeth Keys, a pair of boxing gloves so that you may battle more skillfully with your roommate.

To Lola Knapp, a man. So that others may enjoy your sunny smile, Lola.

To Bernard Lavigne, a wedding ring. We hear that there will soon be a demand for one.

To Edith Ritchie, a marriage certificate to go with Bernard's ring.

To Ruth Learned, a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Co., New York City, where you will be appreciated as much as you were by the members of the Senior class.

To Loretta Libby, a bottle of ketchup that she may always be on time.

To Erma Mallory, a contract with P. S. N. S. as faculty advisor.

To Mary Markham, we leave this notebook so that you may keep track of the records you make in typewriting next year.

To Ruth Maroney, a bottle of freckle cream.

To Bernadette Mitchell, a whistle.

To Clara McDonald, a "Yale" lock to keep your "Steve" in.

To Ruth Naish, a contract for a \$2,500 position. We heard you were holding out for that, Ruth.

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To Mary O'Connell, a musical instrument. To use in case you should ever lack your piano, Bonnie.

To Ruth O'Donnell, a safety catch to put on Harold's High School pin to make sure that it is clasped to your heart for life.

To Rose O'Neil, we grant the right to take the place of Theda Bara as the World's greatest vampire.

To Esther Parsons, an automobile in which to make your week-end trips to Dannemora.

To Wilhelmina Pfister, fashion books—that you may keep ahead of the times.

To Rena Proulx, a copy of the play "Patsy"—that you may never forget your part, Rena.

To Anna Reed, this vanity case.

To Myrtle Robinson, this bottle of Nerve Tonic in case your own runs out.

To Hazel Rogers, a date with Maynard Columbe so that she may realize her highest ambition.

To Ruth Ryder, plans for a perfect house.

To Helen Scott, copies of all the reports she has made in History of Commerce that she may sell them for lullabies next year.

To Ruth Sexton, Normal text books that you may continue the studies which were so dear to you this year.

To Rosana Shear, a song entitled, "I Hate to Lose You, I'm So Used to You Now."

To Orva Schoonerman, a cottage for two on "Ellis" Island.

To Margery Slater, a song entitled "'Angel' Child."

To Catherine Smalley, a weight to hang on "Charley" so that the gentle breezes won't blow him away.

To Teresa Smith, instruction book on "How to Carry on a Conversation" with Mr. Diebolt.

To Angela Steves, a powder puff. Use it in "Earnest" daily.

To Hazel Stowell, a tall Prince Charming from Rochester that he may always be at hand to catch you when you fall.

To Mary Swinler, a book entitled "Ways of Evading Study" containing many new ways of bluffing.

To Bernard Tracy, an alarm clock so that he may keep track of all the minutes he makes Mr. Thompson waste in explaining unnecessary questions. For this he has the gratifying thanks of the class.

To Elizabeth Turner, a bed in which you may rest far from the noise of the crowd.

To Fannie Volpert, this pamphlet on the merits of Lake Placid so that you may easily convince your audience that "Charley Jewtraw" came in first.

To Marta Webster, a man. To give you a reason for changing your name.

To Mary Wheeler, a basket in which to hold all her mail from New York City.

To Leola Wood, this yard stick so that you may measure the number of inches you can kick while dancing at the Young Woman's League.

To Ruth Zingisser, this loaf of security bread—that you may always have memories of Plattsburgh, Ruth.

MARY F. BEHAN.



THE CARDINAL

Class Song



Tune: Our Yesterdays

I

Oh, Classmates, we're come to the parting of ways;
The goal that we sought we've won.
Together we've triumphed o'er trouble and care;
Still our task is just begun!

REFRAIN

The years that are past
We will love best at last:
In Memory's Dream they'll stay:
Though new friends we make—
May we never forsake
Our Classmates of Yesterday!

II

The years will roll on—
Sorrows, joys, both must come!
In Life each a rôle must play:
But still we'll recall oftentimes, one and all—
Our Dreams planned Here Yesterday!

III

When Duty shall call us
We'll make no delay:
Past struggles have glory still.
But we will keep on with our work till it's done!
Our Strength was born Yesterday!

REFRAIN No. 2

Fear we have conquered;
True knowledge is might—
Though obstacles bar our way
We of 1923—our achievements will be
A tribute to Yesterday!

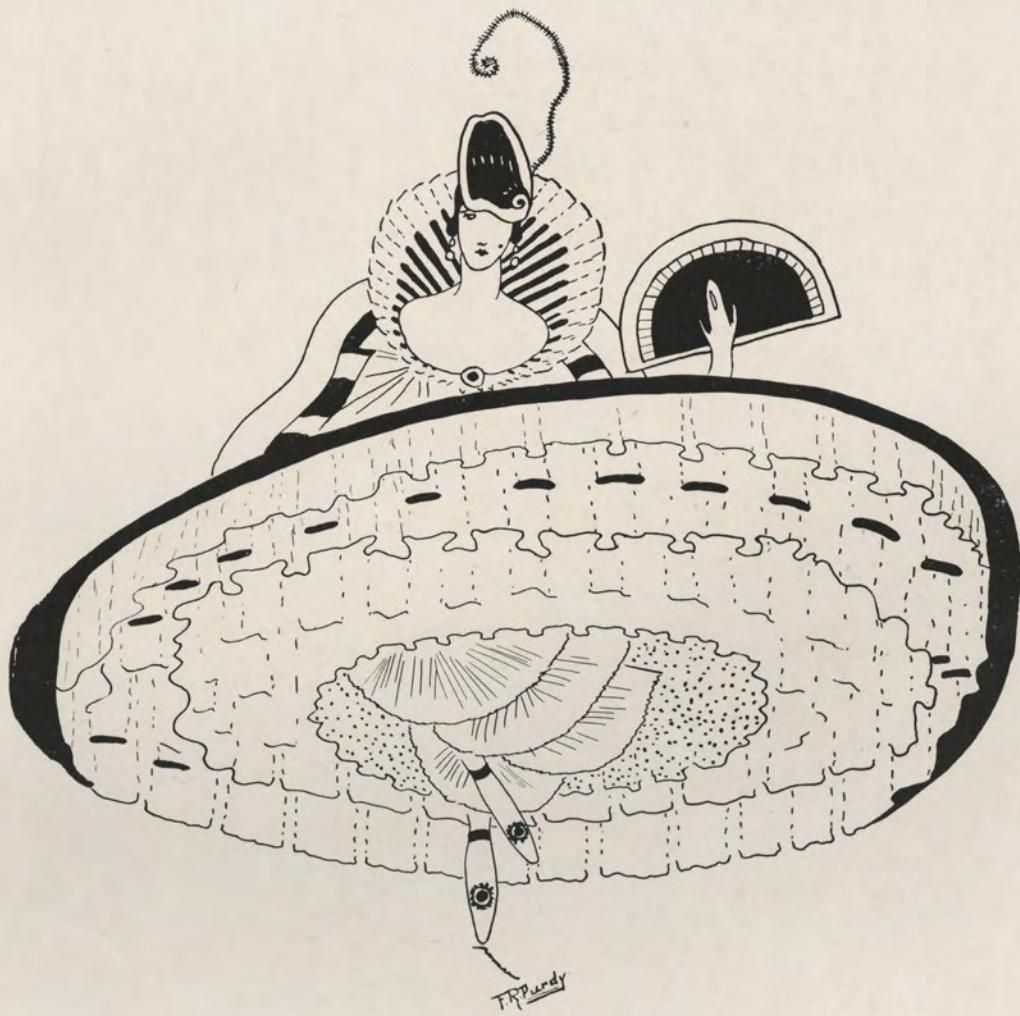
IV

And at last when the crown of Success screens our brow,
And our ship comes a-sailing in:
A vision's before us of P. S. N. S.
The school of our Yesterdays!

REFRAIN No. 1

M. M.

THE CARDINAL



1923

1923



THE CARDINAL

1923



THE CARDINAL

Agonian History



"Oh, we love Agonia
Dear Alpha Kappa Phi;
Through all our years in Plattsburgh Normal
We will be true to thee!"

History repeats itself—in some ways pleasantly. Last fall we gathered once more in a certain dearly-beloved room, a room of gold curtains and comfy wicker chairs. It was a merry eager crowd, glad to be back in the thick of things again. With shouts of gladness, we older ones greeted each other. The room was crowded, however, with new faces, strange faces, eager, too—but a bit wistful, as if seeking friends in this new world. Crash! The enchanting strains of "Carolina in the Morning" burst upon young ears. Young feet responded joyously, and the chairs and window seats surrendered their burdens to the dance. The room was filled with happy, swaying figures, a colorful panorama of laughter and motion. Friendships were begun to the strains of—no, not the "Flower Song", rather, I fear, to something as mediocre, perhaps, as "Swanee River Moon." Yes, we danced! In our own Agonian Hall, and then, we gave our regular Agonian Dance down in the gym, which was, as usual, a real success.

We entertained our new friends, or no, we "rushed" them. We picnicked up the river, we hied us to the movies, we had a wonderful time at Mrs. Nash's (Margaret Merritt's) camp, and what did we care if it *did* rain? What's a little rain to a bunch of jolly Agonians? Ah, yes, we came to know our new girls, and as time went on, we learned to love them for their lovable characteristics. We discovered that which we eagerly sought—those sterner traits of character which make for soul fibre. One memorable night we brought our little new friends within the very folds of our sisterhood, and they were "pledged" to us as our very own. We feel that the trust has been kept most loyally.

Not long thereafter our new sisters gave us a treat most royal. Nay, they did things to a nicety—they quite overwhelmed us, indeed. How? Well, we attended "Maytime in Erin" a delicious musical comedy, and afterwards were the guests at a most sumptuous banquet at the Monopole, attended by our new girls! Sophisticated as we were, we nevertheless were quite bowled over by your idea of a treat, Juniors!

Time passed (as it has an alarming habit of doing), but never did it drag. We had the usual cake sales, holiday parties, our big Christmas party and a fancy work sale (the financial results of which we have cause to be proud). At midyear we took unto ourselves four new sisters, which brought our total membership up to about fifty girls.

And then along came—not Ruth—no, this young person was full of pep, and wit and originality—you've guessed—"Patsy." Did she make a hit? Was the play a success? A *success?* Ask anyone in Plattsburgh or Morrisonville. Or, if that is not conclusive proof, ask to see our bank balance. Dannemora and Rouses

THE CARDINAL

Point are still to be added to our scalp-lock—they're to be envied, say we. The girls in the case worked hard to “put it across”—we leave it to you, didn't they?

And now that our long-looked-for spring is here, we shall have more out-of-door parties, more “jaunts” in the open “up the river”, or up to the Bluff, or—oh, anywhere, just so we're *together*. Two big events are at hand—one delightful, the other delightful to *some*. The first? Agonian Convocation, to be held this year at Geneseo. The second? Oh, yes—Juniors, too, may now read this without fear or reluctance—Initiation.....

We who are leaving, go forth with many a pang of regret and real heartsickness at the thought of severing wonderful friendships and breaking off the strong ties of comradeship with you who will remain, for we have learned, by campfire, around the piano, on muddy tramps, at delicious feeds—we have learned to think of you as our true sisters, and to love you as such. But it has to be and though our ways divide, we leave in your hands, with absolute faith in your constancy, the trust: the “torch”—to be kept ever before you—the true ideals of Agonian womanhood.

An so, once again:

“To you from falling hands we throw

The Torch!

Be yours to keep it high.

Let Ago's fame and Ago's name

Flame bright and never die!”

M. M., '23.



1923



THE CARDINAL

Delta Clio



"There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things and a time for small things." Truer words could not be applied to the life of the Clio girl during her days at Normal.

We may not now truly appreciate the wonderful opportunity that has been ours. But, as time rushes on—as the past goes out and the future comes in—we shall realize more fully the precious gift which has been ours—the opportunity of an education and a profession.

Our last year at Normal—what memories in after days these words will recall. Eager to get back, we rushed bright and early that September morning to our old places, greeting on all sides our friends and classmates. And we lost no time looking for new faces! With joy and happiness will we recall those never-to-be-forgotten days when, with working and playing together, we came to truly know each Clio girl. How those first six weeks sped by and what good times were crowded into those few short days. At just such a time as "rush" does the Clio girl learn to utilize every moment of her time. We had so many parties and good times that it would be hard to enumerate each one. Most important of all, however, is that memorable night in October when the girls whom we had learned to love came to be true Clionians.

Only as time went on could we begin to appreciate the spirit of our new Clios. Never will the Senior girls forget how royally we were entertained with a banquet at the Witherill. Of course we had some idea of where we were going when in evening attire we waited for our Junior Clio but "taxi service" was more than we had even thought of!

Each succeeding day was filled to the utmost with school work and good times. During the few weeks before Christmas vacation we found time in which to hold several very successful homemade candy sales, also one fancy gift sale. The "Old Tyme Concert" given by some of the townspeople, being a decided success, was repeated at Normal Hall for the benefit of the Clionians. Still another party—and one of the most enjoyable ones of the year—our joint Ago-Clio party.

The true Christmas spirit was not forgotten by the Clonian girls, by any means. Of course, we had our party just before the holiday vacation with old Santa and his pack of gifts but best of all is the fact that we did not forget "it is better to give than to receive." A bountiful Christmas dinner was supplied to a needy family with something useful in the line of clothing for each member of the family and a toy for each child.

The days that followed vacation were busy ones and it was not long before we found ourselves well along in the last semester of our school life. To our happy group of girls was the added joy of twelve new members.

Early in the new semester each Junior Clio could not conceal her great surprise when she, one Tuesday morning in February, discovered that the "day of reckoning"

THE CARDINAL

had come. It is needless to say that initiation is one of the events of Clio life that each girl would not miss, if she could.

During the dreary month of March, just at a time when the public had had a surfeit of "cut and dried" entertainments, we chose the psychological moment for presenting "something different" in the form of localized "Animated Ads". The public proved that "something different" was what they were looking for by filling every seat in Normal Hall. "Animated Ads" consisted of a series of localized tableaux in which widely advertised commodities were made the basis for living pictures. Much appreciation is due the Plattsburgh merchants who so kindly co-operated with the Clionians and helped to make it so successful.

Sunshiny days once more and with them came Clio Convocation at Oneonta. Early in May our two delegates, the Misses Eleanora Gram and Irene Racicot, left, eager to meet new girls from the different chapters, and returned, having enjoyed the good fellowship of our Clonian sisters.

Yes, our Normal days are at an end but, however soon the remembrances of our school life shall become hazy; no matter when occurrences of our youth will long be forgotten; when the course of our lives will have been marked by years of service and productivity, there will always remain inscribed upon our deeper consciousness the spirit of Clio and of—our friends.

R. W. G.



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THE CARDINAL

Alpha Phi Theta



OFFICERS

1st Term

MARY ENGEL	President	EDITH KELLY
SARA ROCKOVITZ	Vice-President	VERA ANSON
HELENA O'FLYNN	Secretary	FLORA PFISTERER
MARTHA ZIMMERMAN	Treasurer	RUTH KEITH
Corresponding Secretary	CAROLYN GREENLUND	
Assistant Treasurer	ELIZABETH CRAWFORD	

2nd Term

A historian, the dictionary tells us, is a writer of history; a chronicler. To chronicle the activities of the Alpha Phi Theta during the past year would be almost an impossibility—so many were the things tried for, and sometimes accomplished.

Alpha Phi Theta—what fond recollections are unearthed—was chosen by the organization to become an official name, after the name Norma Lights was discarded. The club met in September and after the first thrills of repressed friendship (for two months) were over, we settled down to the immediate business of almost any club. We chose competent officers to guide us with their superior judgment. We discussed and made plans for the business and social activities of the year.

Our first real entertainment came when, dressed in the cast-off garments of several years before, we and our Junior guests made merry at the Y. W. L. Latér in the year, invitations were sent to the Juniors whom we felt sure would prove themselves worthy of our trust, to join our club. They did—and after initiation held in the spring became active members of Alpha Phi Theta.

On St. Patrick's night, were you to pass the Normal School gym and ask a passerby reasons for the lights, fantastic decorations and entrancing music issuing from the "gym", he would say "Alphas are giving a dance".

And so with our entertainments, business and literary meetings, the days flew and we found ourselves ready to go forth and "cross life's threshold".

It is with more than ordinary regret that we, who are Seniors, leave our club. We have striven from the first to live up to the ideals of Alpha Phi Theta. If we have accomplished anything worth while, it will be remembered by those who are to carry on.

And so ends my story. A history in itself, you know, is but a piece of scrap paper, to be read, forgotten and thrown away. It is what men do that lives after them. As Lincoln said, "The world will little know nor long remember what we say here but it can never forget what we did here." So let it be with Alpha Phi Theta.

R. G.

THE CARDINAL

SPORTS



1923

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THE CARDINAL

THE CARDINAL



ALFRED L. DIEBOLT

The students of P. S. N. S., who are in any way interested in athletics, greatly appreciate Mr. Diebolt's service as coach and general advisor in the athletic field. His kindly cooperation and help have done much toward promoting a clean brand of athletics in our school.

Basketball



Our basketball season was one of the biggest disappointments of the year. Although the prospects were bright at the start for a good team and a successful season, our hopes soon faded with the loss of three of the best men of the team.

At the election of officers Bernie Darrah was re-elected Manager and Bernard Lavigne was elected Captain. After due consideration the following men were picked for the team: Lavigne, Northrup, Fitzpatrick and Brennan from last year's team, and Ludeman, Haron and Webster from the entering class. Later Tracy and Brown were added to take the places of two members whose positions were vacated.

After playing the first two games, we were handicapped by the loss of Brennan, caused by his sustaining injuries, and the loss of Ludeman who left school. An attempt was made at re-organizing the team by the addition of Tracy and Brown and things looked bright again until Haron left school, thus discouraging the last remaining hope of completing the schedule which included some of the best teams north of Albany, many of them tournament contenders of former years. With the loss of these three players it was decided to discontinue the season and turn attention to baseball and other sports, the results of which remain to be ascertained.

B. A. D.

1923



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Basketball—Girls



B. Brunelle, r. f., Captain
 L. Coulter, l. f., Manager
 McCaffrey, c.
 Hansa, c.
 Gold, l. g.
 K. O'Connell, r. g.
 S. Rockovitz, r. g.

A history, according to Hoyle, should contain the past, present, and future. Our past, before 1923, may be compared to the Swiss Navy—very much lacking. Our present was filled with happy days of intense practice and exquisite evenings of victories.

Early in December the three basketball teams then existing in the Normal School met and were consolidated into one. Bob Brunelle was chosen Captain and Louise Coulter was elected to steer the stormy ship through scores of telephone calls with opposing teams. A competent coach, in the form of Prof. Diebolt, was enlisted in our aid and we plunged into the work with much zest and enthusiasm.

Far be it from me, a mere historian, to sing our praises to the skies, but during our entire basketball season we were defeated but once—then, in an exhibition game, at the hands of the High School boys' team, who had already proved their superiority by defeating the Normal Junior boys' team, we met our Waterloo.

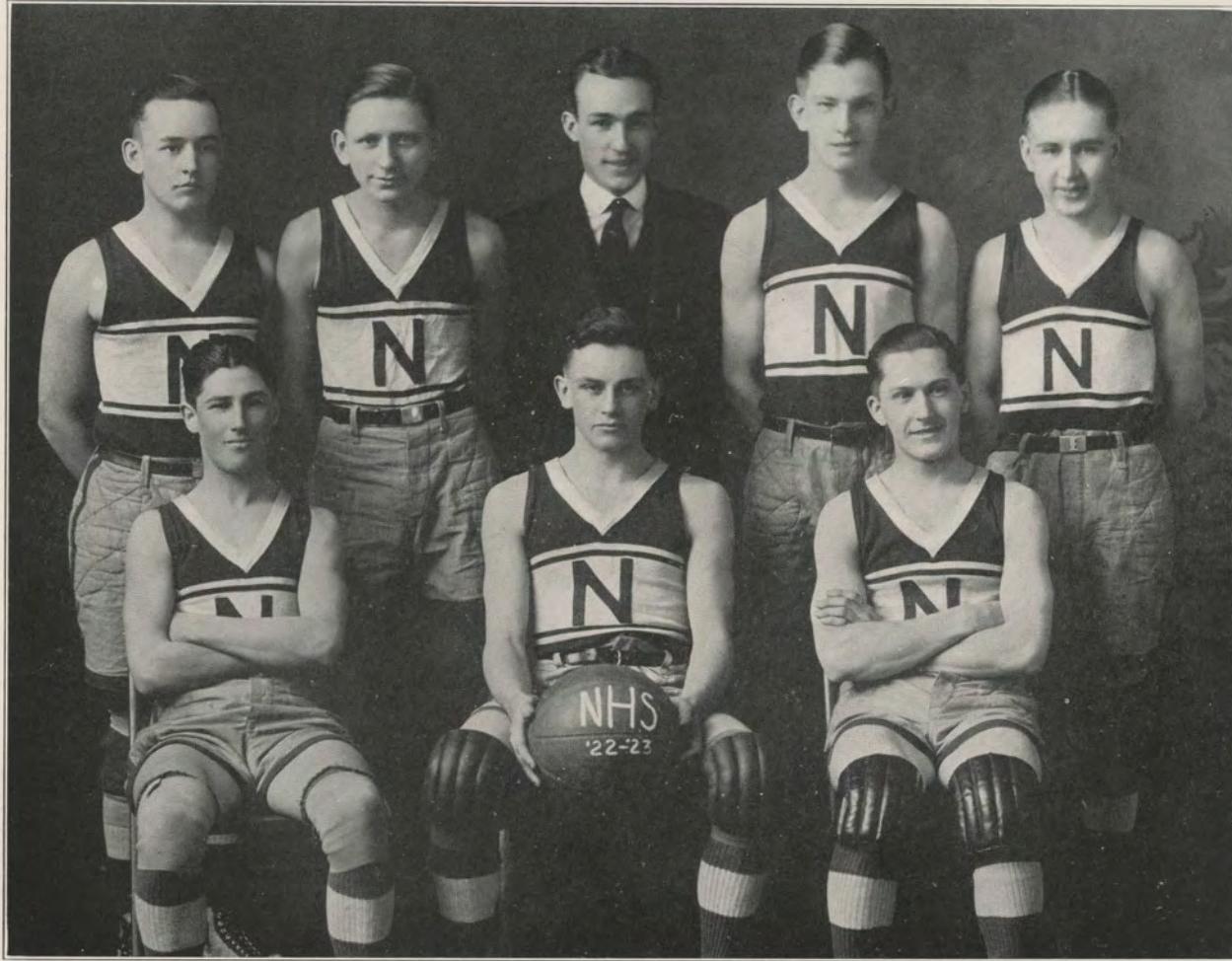
"The world has battle room for all
 Go fight—remember you're the sort
 That if you win or if you lose
 You'll be—Pray God—a good clean sport."

GAMES PLAYED

Rouses Point 3	Normal 21	(At Rouses Point)
Rouses Point 2	Normal 10	(Here)
Dannemora 3	Normal 24	(At Dannemora)
Morrisonville 2	Normal 13	(At Morrisonville)
8th Grade Boys 10	Normal 12	(Here)
H. S. Boys 34	Normal 22	(Here)

R. G.

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High School Basketball



This year is the first in many years that the High School has been represented in athletics. The team chosen from a small student body was ranked among the best in the vicinity. Most of the teams played were more experienced than the High School team but the High School went through the season with but two defeats.

George Tierney was elected Captain and Kenneth Brown was elected Manager. Bernard Lavigne donated his services as Coach and helped to mold the material into a team that would do credit to any high school. It was finally decided that the following boys would represent the Normal High School: forwards, Francis Champagne, Earl Pelkey; guard, George Tierney, Owen Seymour, Ernest Lemieux; centers, Kenneth Brown, Lisle Denicore.

Much of the team's success was due to the efforts of the faculty and the students of the High School. The team desired uniforms and equipment. When this need was brought to the attention of the faculty and students, cake sales and entertainments were given until the necessary amount was raised.

The season began well with a victory over Cadyville. At the end of the season the High School vied with the Normal School team for the championship of the school, and was defeated in a close game.

The prospects are bright for next year and it is expected that the team will meet with far greater and wider success than in the past year.

G. T.

1923



THE CARDINAL

Baseball



As the CARDINAL is going to press we are looking forward to a very successful season of baseball. Some of the best teams of the surrounding communities are scheduled for games.

We have started off with a boom and won the first three games by overwhelming scores and with comparative ease. The scores are as follows:

		<i>P. S. N. S.</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
May 5—Peru	There	14	1
May 19—Saranac Lake	Here	15	2
May 26—Peru	Here	18	1
May 30—Cathedral High	Here	2	7
June 2—Tupper Lake	Here	—	—
June 9—Ticonderoga	Here	—	—
June 13—Lake Placid	There	—	—
June 16—Tupper Lake	There	—	1

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The Illustrious Ones of 1923



Class Beauty	Helen McLaughlin
Class Optimist	Margaret Dwyer
Class Pessimist	Elizabeth Turner
Class Shark	Sarah Rockovitz
Class Grind	Loretta Libby
Class Giggler	"Bonnie" O'Connell
Class Boss	Ed Andrews
Class Crank	Anne Renison
Class Athlete	Bernard Lavigne
Class Bluffer	"Bill" McGaulley
Class Saint	Dorethea Letson
Class Flirt	"Peggy" King
Class "Skinny"	Mary Engel
Class "Fatty"	Mary Grace Karl
Class Dancer	Helen Weed
Class Tom Boy	Rose Gold
Most Independent	Stella Downs
Wittiest	Catherine Smalley
Class Poet	Mary Markham
Class Talker	Helen Purdy
Most All-around Girl	Marta Webster
Most Loyal to Class	Helena Mehan
Speediest	Mary Caffrey
Faculty Advisor	Selma Hoffman
Fashion Plate	Mary Swinler
Spooniest	Lucy MacDonald
Most Conceited	Gertrude Corrigan
Happy-go-lucky	Rena Proulx
Biggest Tease	Arleeta Knickerbocker
Sportiest	Wilhelmina Pfister
Class Cook	Gladys Cooke
Class Kid	Leola Wood
Truest	Orva Schoonerman
Class Worker	Lillian Finnegan
Class Botherer	Anne Braw
Class Miser	Mary Reardon
Class Musician	Ruth Courter
Quietest	"Bobbie" Brunnell
Brainiest	Tom Brown
Most Sensible	Elizabeth Houghton
Most Conscientious	Harmon Bulley

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juniors

1923



Junior Class Officers



FRANCIS BRENNAN	President
IRENE RACICOT	Vice-President
MAUDE HAYES	Treasurer
HAYWARD WEBSTER	Secretary

CLASS FLOWER

YELLOW ROSE

CLASS MOTTO

"Not who you are, but what you are"

CLASS COLORS

GREEN AND GOLD

Junior Class History

"Not who we are, but what we are."



In future years when perchance the pages of the history of Plattsburgh State Normal School shall be searched in an effort to determine the year when the school had its most auspicious opening, without doubt the searching finger will stop at the year 1922, for it was in the fall of that year that the class of 1925 first crossed the threshold of that institution of learning and, with its entry therein began by the inspiration of its presence to have an uplifting and ennobling influence on the benighted group, known as the class of 1923.

Demonstrating from the outset that it was a power to be reckoned with, the new class lost no time in organizing, and ere five short weeks had been checked off the school calendar showed the first class meeting. At this time the class officers were elected: Francis Brennan, President; Irene Racicot, Vice-President; Heyward Webster, Secretary; Maude Hayes, Treasurer. It was also decided at this meeting to entertain the Faculty and the Senior class at a dance to be held in the school gymnasium on Color Day.

In all probability the social event during the fall season that ranked highest in entertainment, excitement and success was the Junior dance! To go back just a bit, it might be noted here that the Seniors cared so little for their class banner (which is a dusty little triangle of blue and gray) that they actually left it hanging in the gymnasium for a whole week after their dance. It offended the sense of what is right, and the new class took it down, shortly before Color Day, and put it away. Surely there was no harm in that, since the Seniors were so careless! However, strange to relate, the upperclassmen were greatly offended and threatened dire vengeance. Such a childish class! Well, there was no display of colors by either class on Color Day. And that evening, the bold Senior boys, outnumbering the Junior boys at least two to one, in regular medieval fashion, kidnapped the Junior boys and, like pirates of old, carried them off to their stronghold (which happened to be a back room in the Union Hotel in the heart of the city). There with the aid of handcuffs and ropes they planned to keep the Juniors prisoners and thus "kill two birds with one stone", that is—deprive the Juniors of the pleasure of attending the dance, and assure the failure of the evening by their absence.

But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley"! Easily outwitting their sleepy Senior guards, the Junior boys telephoned their whereabouts to the Junior girls and in a very short time the rescue was effected and all the Juniors appeared at the dance, to the evident consternation of the Seniors. It was only one of the many instances where the Juniors have proven their superior intelligence.

In due course of time mid-year examinations came. Were the Juniors worried? No, not very much; they felt that such a splendid class as theirs would pass all tests

with flying colors. Their confidence was justified and, after drawing the usual long breath of relief for disagreeable things past, they plunged wholeheartedly into preparations for the mid-year dance, which is always the big social event of the mid-winter season. According to custom the Juniors decorated the gymnasium for this occasion. A competent committee headed by Miss Racicot performed this task so well that the Juniors were assured by both the faculty and the student body that it was a work of art.

One evening in February there was an interclass basketball game played by both boys' and girls' teams on the Y. M. C. A. court. Both games were well played and interesting; the final tally showed that the Senior boys won from the Juniors, and the Junior girls had evened matters up by taking the game from their Senior opponents. A large crowd of students witnessed the games and the many sore throats next morning were evidence of the enthusiasm that prevailed.

The year passed quickly and June, with its finals and farewells, found the Juniors loath to say good-bye. Throughout the year a feeling of good-fellowship had grown up between the Juniors and Seniors. It was with feelings of sincere regret that the class of 1925 parted with the class of 1923. The best wishes for success and happiness go with the Seniors on their life journey.

As for the Juniors—with hope in their hearts, and ever looking onward and upward, they will strive to keep their record clear, and—

Always in that dim future
Whereof no man may learn in advance,
Pray that God may tenderly o'erwatch,
And give each member of that class a chance.

KATHERINE O'CONNELL,
Class Historian.



Supplement to the Junior Class History



Our Junior class history contained nothing but the few bright things which we did throughout the year. I am now going to tell you of a few ways in which the Seniors bested us.

To start with these Seniors are the brightest and wisest aggregation which was ever collected at one time in this school. The first time they showed us how wise they are was when they gave a dance to entertain us Juniors. That was without question the best time any of us Juniors had ever had. We hope we can do as well next year.

Well, after this dance the Seniors left their banner in the gym, and some of us Junior boys thought we would show the Seniors how wise we were, so we took their banner, when none of them were around, of course. We thought we had put a good one over on the Seniors, but gee! they was wise, them Seniors. About two weeks after, when Color Day arrived, the Seniors would not let us wear our colors because we had not returned their banner. They sure was wise.

A short time later we Juniors decided to give a dance and invited the Seniors to attend. As we had not returned their banner they decided to chastise us. And they did. The night of the dance they succeeded in capturing every one of us Junior boys as easy as rolling off a log. We was easy meat. Well, they took us to a place called McGaulley's, Bill's place, you know, and tied us in chairs. Gee, but we looked foolish. Every few minutes they would bring in one or two more Junior boys to keep the rest of us company. Poor company, we all admit.

Well, along about ten o'clock the Seniors decided that we had been sufficiently chastised so they let us go. Then, and not till then did it penetrate our craniums that those Seniors could teach us a thing or two yet. Well, we went to get our girls for the dance and they talked to us something fierce for letting the Seniors get us. When we arrived at the dance the teachers and everyone else looked at us as though we was a huge joke, and we was.

About three days later the Senior banner suddenly appeared in the girls' study hall and we gits the Ha-Ha once more.

Now by this time all ambition to teach the Seniors anything evaporated, and we decided to sit back and dry up. But not so the Seniors. They had finally started to punish us and they decided not to quit until they had done a thorough job. They challenged us to a bowling tournament and they beat us three games in succession. Then they challenged us to a basketball game and they took home the bacon again. Oh they was all along them Seniors.

Well, to finish things off, the Seniors sang their class song in chapel before we had fairly waked up to the fact that such a thing were possible.

We are all very meek now. Although it took quite a while, those Seniors finally made it clear to us that they are wise.

THOSE SENIORS CERTAINLY ARE WISE.

"Reply to the Seniors"

On September 13, 1922, the Plattsburgh State Normal School began a new life, guided by a bright light in the form of our wonderful, brilliant, and intelligent Junior class. The entire faculty were enthused; they smiled in happiness and indeed they had a reason, because now for the first time in many years they had with them, a class ready to toil and work under their guidance.

Seniors! Such you call yourselves, you are rather a group of living models, made in the likeness of man. Let your minds run back to the first weeks of school, when teaching in Junior classes, instead of looking at us. Why? Did you look out of the window, up at the ceiling, or down at the floor? Why? We know, you know, and the faculty knows. The intelligence of the Junior class was a light far too brilliant at which to gaze. You quaked with fear, you shook in anguish, you stuttered in embarrassment, your knees knocked in terror. The brilliance of our intelligence was a dazzling contrast to your dumbness. I have used the word teaching but surely you have noticed my grave error. A term more befitting your little exhibitions before our classes would be a demonstration of your inability as educators.

Those first weeks of school were hard ones for us; you laughed long and loud at our few little mistakes, and you ridiculed our conduct in and out of school. Blame you for this? No! How could we blame such ardent associates of "Boob McNut" and other comic characters of wide reputation; of course you felt ill at ease when associating with or talking to Juniors—a body so well read in the current topics of the day, instead of knowing only the contents of "Funny Sheets".

When we became acquainted, our Junior class was organized, and we chose Green and Gold for our class colors. As weak minds run in weak channels, you Seniors have acquired a wrong impression as to the meaning of our colors. But to us and the intelligent world, Green implies everything that is beautiful in life. In spring we rejoice at the coming of Green, in the fall we sadden at its passing. As for Gold we need only mention that it signifies our purity of spirit and wealth in learning.

Time passed and the date of Color Day was decided, but the sleepy Seniors' banner was missing. Your president, greatly fearing that your class colors would be lowered, requested the school authorities to discontinue Color Day. Can we blame anyone for not wanting to pass a day in a school, shrouded with such colors as your gray and blue. Blue! BLUE! Had the instigators of blue laws known that such a blue-loving body existed, the P. S. N. S. would no longer be an enjoyable place of learning. Silver, your other color, lacks the sheen of real silver and is more symbolic of death, of your lack of pep, and your foul methods of play. Can your meaningless triangle of blue and gray be compared with our protecting shield of Green and Gold? NO! Never!

One day in March you Seniors attempted to entertain us with your class song.

THE CARDINAL

Yes, attempted is the word; the slow and easy-going strains of music, like the actions of your class, made us yawn and feel sleepy. Then you expected us to follow immediately with our song; but alas! you were disappointed. Instead of following in the footsteps of other classes, we assumed the initiative and set aside a day on which we sang our class song, wore our class colors, and for the first time displayed our beautiful class banner. It required courage and daring to break away from the precedent of other years, but then as always our class leads and others follow.

Seniors—hailing from nowhere, and bound in the same direction—I as spokesman for the class of '25 advise you in a friendly way. Be loyal to your Alma Mater, as we are; be true to the high principles of life, as we are; and be kind to your inferiors, as we have been to you. Don't stay in a rut, don't follow any one person and become his willing slave as you have followed your president this year. We ask that you think kindly of us and remember that your class motto reads, "It's the way you shoot, not the way you shout that counts". From our contact with you, we realize that you have a mighty poor aim. Keep the vision of our class before you so as to strengthen that aim, and I am confident that you will reap the great rewards of life that are surely due to you, our old friends and fellow students.

You are leaving us today and let our final words be spoken in friendship. Teach always that, "It's not who you are, but what you are, that counts". Good luck, Godspeed, and Good-bye.

M. FRANCIS BRENNAN.

Junior Class Poem



Farewell Seniors, may you have,
In all you try to do,
The best in Life, and may Success
Follow you through and through.

And as we come to be Seniors,
Prepared for our duties new,
May we think of those who worked for us
And who always stood so true.

We've shared with you, your hardships,
You've helped us on our way,
And a bond of sweeter friendship
Does not exist today.

We've lived, and learned within these walls
That the one who merits praise,
Is the one who helps the fallen ones
Through Life's dark dreary days.

So as we strive to carry on
The work you've left behind,
You need not worry lest we fail,
For we're not the failing kind.

Our class is leal and loyal
To our Alma Mater's name,
And we'll work and work and glory
In her honor and her fame.

The Juniors



Adams, Mary	New Lebanon Center, N. Y.
Anderson, Miriam L.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Anson, Elma M.	Willsboro, N. Y.
Anson, Vera R.	Willsboro, N. Y.
Ausman, Helen B.	Saratoga, N. Y.
Baker, Gladys	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Brennan, M. Francis	Dannemora, N. Y.
Brooks, Cynthia	Crown Point, N. Y.
Brown, Harriet F.	Moriah, N. Y.
Bruce, Marjorie E.	Lake Placid, N. Y.
Bullis, Bertha B.	Port Kent, N. Y.
Burgess, Hazel J.	Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Carroll, Margaret E.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Columbe, Maynard J.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Crawford, Elizabeth	Amsterdam, N. Y.
Cronin, Mary Frances	Elmira, N. Y.
DeLisle, Elizabeth	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Drew, Hazel	Richford, Vt.
Erickson, Lydia	Harkness, N. Y.
Felkel, Elsa J.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Fifield, Maude E.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Finnell, Anna	Churubusco, N. Y.
Finnigan, Lulu	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Gailey, Pauline J.	LaFargeville, N. Y.
Gallagher, J. Francis	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Goldman, Freda R.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Goodspeed, Dorothy M.	Malone, N. Y.
Greenlund, Carolyn M.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Grimes, Mary	Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Hawkins, Phillip M.	Silver Creek, N. Y.
Hayes, Maude	Bloomingdale, N. Y.
Hennings, Alida J.	Fort Edward, N. Y.
Henry, Dorothy F.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Holland, Marion I.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Hulihan, Charlotte	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Jette, Flossie A.	Lyon Mountain, N. Y.
Johnson, Frances	Gloversville, N. Y.
Johnson, Sylvia P.	Jamestown, N. Y.
Joyce, Helen C.	Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.

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Keddy, Gladys E.	Champlain, N. Y.
Kiley, Katherine	Peekskill, N. Y.
Kohl, F. Norma	Newburgh, N. Y.
LaRoe, Iva A.	Ticonderoga, N. Y.
Lee, Johanna C.	Ballston Spa, N. Y.
Loso, Foster W.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Lyons, Genevieve F.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Marvin, Hanna E.	Walton, N. Y.
McCaffrey, Helen	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
McCarthy, Mary	Elmira, N. Y.
McCrea, Helen	Champlain, N. Y.
McGaulley, Eileen	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
McGraw, Margaret	Ilion, N. Y.
Milvo, Genevieve E.	Rome, N. Y.
Morrissey, Mary	Yonkers, N. Y.
Murray, Margaret Mae	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Nash, Evelyn	Elnora, N. Y.
Northrop, Helen	Newburgh, N. Y.
O'Connell, Katherine	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
O'Sullivan, Mary	Newburgh, N. Y.
Pardy, Lillian E.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Pecotte, Hazel	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Pettingill, Evelyn	Ilion, N. Y.
Pfisterer, Adolf W.	Hyde Park, N. Y.
Phillips, Catherine	Peekskill, N. Y.
Powers, Mary	Cadyville, N. Y.
Racicot, Irene E.	Rouses Point, N. Y.
Rockwell, Aileen H.	Rouses Point, N. Y.
Rooney, Rita M.	West Chazy, N. Y.
Royce, M. Elva	Willsboro, N. Y.
Sheffield, Bernice M.	Glens Falls, N. Y.
Shufelt, Julia F.	Gloversville, N. Y.
Sorrell, Laura	Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Spain, Mary E.	Newcomb, N. Y.
Spencer, Helen L.	Rochester, N. Y.
Stratton, Harold H.	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Sullivan, Kathryn M.	Elmira, N. Y.
Tellier, T. Julius	Ausable Forks, N. Y.
Tierney, Mercedes V.	Hornell, N. Y.
Webster, Hayward G.	North Hillsdale, N. Y.
Corrigan, Agnes	Saranac, N. Y.
Ledger, Ruth E.	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Walker, Mildred	Plattsburgh, N. Y.

1923



THE CARDINAL

THE CARDINAL

Autographs

1923

THE CARDINAL



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J. H. Gallagher

1923

MY TEACHING EXPERIENCE

When I graduated from high school, notwithstanding the great beauty with which nature had endowed me, aided and abetted by all the beauty which may be procured in a drug store, I had found no suitable male with a suitable pocketbook, who was willing to endow me with his honored name, affections and heretofore mentioned pocketbook.

Naturally, there being nothing else to do, I accepted a district school, situated eight miles north of Smiths Basin. The population of the community in which my school was located consisted of four adults, two children, one cow, eight hens and one rooster. My pupils were the two children.

I do not know what class my pupils were in as I never had time to classify them, but they were not very bright, anyway. We had the nicest district superintendent. He had blond hair and the cunningest little mustache.

I found it extremely hard to teach by class anything. The district superintendent said that he believed there was something wrong with the connection between their cerebrums, their cerebellums, and their medulla oblongatas.

At noontime I used to cook them something hot and often the district superintendent would stop in on the way home and we would all have lunch together.

At Christmas we had a Christmas tree and a program. The district superintendent made a lovely speech. The boy played a selection on the harmonica and I recited a poem. The girl sang a song. Everyone said the program was wonderful.

In June we had a picnic and a very sad thing happened. The district superintendent and I went for a walk and half the school fell in the brook and drowned before we got back. It was very sad, but probably for the best, and the child wasn't very bright anyway.

At the end of the year I decided I would rather teach boys of high school age, so I refused to take the school another year and came to Plattsburgh to see if I could learn anything.

When I left the whole town felt dreadfully sorry, and my class and the district superintendent cried so pitifully that I really felt sorry for them.

H. S.

(With all due apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

THE JUNIOR

A Junior there was and he paid his fare
(Even as you and I)
To put on a dance for the Seniors fair
(We all proclaimed it a beautiful "tear"),
But the Junior he called it a little unfair
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the paper they waste and pins they waste
And the work of their head and hand,
Belonged to the Seniors tho' they did not know
(And how it did happen they never did know)
And did not understand.

A Junior there was and his money he spent
(Even as you and I)
Work and strength and a sure intent
(And it didn't turn out the way he meant)
For the Seniors were following close on his scent
(Even as you and I).

Oh, the time they lost and the fun they lost
And the wonderful things they'd planned
Belonged to the Seniors who understood why
(But the Juniors—they never knew why)
And did not understand.

The Juniors were seized and duly tied
(Even as you and I)
Which they might have seen as we threw them inside
(But it isn't on record they really tried)
So we left them and on to the dance we hied
(Even as you and I).

And it wasn't the strain and it wasn't the shame
That stung like a white hot brand.
'Twas losing the banner—we know why
(Seeing it gone they began to cry)
And they never did understand.

EDWARD B. DODDS.

THE CARDINAL

Sylvia Johnson is so good she wouldn't even accompany a man on a piano without a chaperon.

Mother—"That young man who calls on you seven nights a week stays too late. You will have to sit down on him."

Edith—"Why, I do, mama."

Ruth Gray—"Have you hair nets?"

Clerk—"Yes, Ma'am."

Ruth—"Invisible?"

Clerk—"Yes, Ma'am."

Ruth—"Let me see one."

NEXT YEAR.

Ed Andrews—"Have you brought the number of your house, John?"

John—"Yes, teacher, but I had a hard job to get it off—it was nailed on so tight."

Art—"What are you taking the lock off the cupboard for?"

"Mose"—"The doctor told me to stop bolting my potato."

IN DUNTON'S

Clerk—"Can't you read that sign up there? No loafing."

Darrah—"I'm not superstitious and don't believe in signs."

QUOTH A BOARDER

Away to the window I flew

like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and

threw up the hash.

A NURSERY RHYME

Juniors, Juniors, naughty Juniors,

Hush, you squalling thing, I say;

Hush this moment, or it may be

“Daddy” will come by this way;

And he'll hound you, hound you, hound you,

And he'll chase you all the day,

And he'll spank you, spank you, spank you,

Till you hand in your essay.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,

Of these five things beware:

Of whom you speak,

To whom you speak,

And kiss, and drink, and swear.

THE CARDINAL

JUSTICE AND MERCY

"Now sit up straight and look at me
No, please oh please don't frown
The angle of your head is good
But don't look at the ground.
I know you want to look quite tall
And very dignified
But can't you see, the prof will think
You're all stuffed up with pride?"

"These proofs young Miss will wait you here,
On Monday at four p. m.
Perhaps you'd better have a judge
To help you look at them.
But if you are not satisfied
Why don't you dare blame me
I will not take another set
If you beg on bended knee."

"MONDAY"

"Mrs. Bigelow, please are by proofs done?
I'd like to look and see
If photography can reproduce
The beauty that belongs to me.
Oh heavens! can this be my face?
NO—Justice is my creed."
"You've got it wrong, my dear young Miss
It's mercy that you need."

Mr. Todd—"How many of you room together and can use the same book?"
(Ralph Bullis raises his hand.)

Mr. Todd—"Who are you with, Mr. Bullis?"
Ralph—"Miss Keith."

Heard during a heated agrument in Economics concerning finding index figures.
Tracy—"Now, for example, Mr. Diebolt, let's say that I weigh 200 pounds *below* the base (girlish snickers).

Mr. Diebolt—"Yes, proceed Mr. Tracy."

"That fellow comes here much too much,"
Said Mr. Eden grim;
"You'll have to put a stop to that,
You must sit down on him."

Now Mick is an obedient Miss,
And respects her landlord's powers
So when he came around last night,
She sat on him for hours.

Guy Barton—"Papa, what does kith and kin mean?"

Papa—"Why it means some relative like an aunt or uncle."

Guy—"That's funny—last night I heard that Locke man say, 'Helen can I have a kith,' and she said, 'You kin'."

HEARD IN ECONOMICS

Mr. Diebolt—"Miss Gray, give us an example for which we can find on index figure."

Miss Gray—"Stockings."

Mr. Diebolt—"Give us a few prices on them."

Miss Gray—"I think they are going *down* now."

Dr. Henshaw (in Psychology)—"Do you follow me?"

Mary Powers—"Yes, but I'm quite away behind."

Louise Coulter (teaching in 5th grade)—"What is a veteran?"

5th Grader—"A man who hasn't a wife."

After a heated discussion about a boy who did not do his lessons and had a bad headache the next day so he could not go to school.

Mr. Shallies—"Miss Corrigan, you seem to be a well-disciplined young woman. What would you suggest?"

Miss Corrigan (just recovered from an illness on a day she was assigned to teach)—"Well! — What did his father do?"

GRACE JONES TEACHING IN SIXTH GRADE

Sixth Grader—"Miss Jones, what's a weasel?"

Grace—"Don't you know what a weasel is? Why a weasel is a great big bird."

Miss Hull—"Why Miss Jones!"

Chorus from the Grade:

"No, Miss Jones that's not right."

"Miss Jones, I know, let me tell."

"Miss Jones, I know what a weasel is."

Grace (rather flustered)—"Oh! I beg your pardon. A weasel is a little tiny animal."

AMONG US IN THE GRADES

Gert Corrigan to 5th grade pupil—"Name another industry of New York State which has been centralized."

5th Grade Pupil—"Shirts?"

Miss Corrigan—"All right. Where are shirts raised?"

Mr. Diebolt (in Economics class)—"You know, class, I am just batty about figures."

Miss Ketchum—"Mr. Darrah, you will have the class this period."

Bernie Darrah—"Well—but—Miss Ketchum, I haven't prepared my shorthand lesson yet."

SECOND WEEK OF SCHOOL

Dr. Kitchell—"Mr. Fitzpatrick, did you understand that statement?"

Fritz (awakening from sweet dreams)—"Well, I have a Hayes-y (Hazy) idea of it."

TOILET SPECIALTIES

"WHEN WINTER COMES"

When the first cold chills one all through,
And cheeks change their natural hue,
Phony carmine and white
Are a pitiful sight,
Standing out on a background of blue.

"DJER KISS"

"Djer Kiss?" Say, what sort o' guff
Are you givin'? I did; and the stuff
Came off on my map;
'Tis a kind of a trap.
"Djer Kiss?" Sure! But once was enough!

"AS THE PETALS"

The powder in these boxes
(See the figure on the cover)
Isn't merely for the face,
But is meant for use all over;
And if, instead of petals,
It were snowflakes—gracious me!
Poor lady on the cover,
How chilly she would be!

"ASHES OF ROSES"

When, too lavish with "Ashes of Roses,"
They improve their cheeks *and* their noses,
What wonder, alas!
That the ashen years pass,
And not one prospect proposes?

"THREE FLOWERS"

"These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks"—
Say, it must be of "Three Flowers"
That here the poet speaks.

Mr. Shallies—"Now, I won't be awfully angry—"

Helen McCaffrey—"Oh, Mr. Shallies, were twenty-five killed?"

THE CARDINAL

Miss Ketchum (in Penmanship Class)—“Now I am going to change your seats so that the very worst writers may be in front. Miss Snyder, you may take this front seat.”

Miss Carroll (to Vern Bradley)—“What are some means of obtaining water power?”

Vern (absent mindedly)—“Dam it.”

Dr. Kitchell—“Miss Perry, I just showed you how I wanted that example worked.”

Miss Perry—“There’s nothing worse than an *old maid* school teacher.”

Helen—“Dr. Henshaw, I wish I had taken the Commercial Course.”

Dr. Henshaw—“Why, Miss Northrop?”

Helen—“So I could learn more of the History of Ed.”

Mr. Shallies—“Can you name the British Kings in order, Miss Murray?”

Marguerite—“Oh, Mr. Shallies, I get them all mixed up.”

Mr. Shallies—“I beg your pardon, Miss Murray—you *get* them straight.”

HEARD IN ANY GENERAL JUNIOR CLASS

Marguerite Murray—“Would you please repeat that last question?”

Aileen Rockwell—“Oh yes, my brother (sister, uncle, aunt or cousin) had one just like that and he—”

Molly Adams—“No, sir! I never allowed my pupils to do that.”

Helen Northrop—“Say, what’s the lesson about today?”

Evelyn Nash—“Now—”

HEARD THE DAY THE SENIOR SONG WAS SUNG

Irene Racicot (brilliant Junior?)—“We ought to have a lot of tombstones around here today.”

Alice Ryan—“Yes! and a Junior hanging on every one!”

(The Seniors aren’t as dead as they might be, Irene.)

Junior—“I hear you are going to sing your class song tomorrow.”

Senior—“Well, I don’t know. When are you going to sing yours?”

Junior—“Oh! not until after you do because we wouldn’t know what to do.”

(Some folks are so slow.)

Tracy (speaking on the telephone)—“Hello, D. & H. Depot? This is Mr. Tracy speaking. Was not 10 the number of the berth I reserved this afternoon?”

Agent (at the other end of the wire)—“It certainly was.”

Tracy—“Well—er—could you make some change?”

Agent—“Too late, sir.”

Tracy—“But you must. Miss Schenkel insists that she has that number.”

Dr. Henshaw (in History of Ed)—“When was the period of the Renaissance?”

Miss Mock—“The week before exams.”

THE CARDINAL

Miss Garrity—"Miss Wood, how many times have I told you not to move the desks around?"

Margaret—"Well, this one wasn't anywhere, Miss Garrity."

Miss Garrity—"At last Miss Wood has found something which doesn't occupy space."

A BIT THICK

For a full-fledged Senior to lick
A lollipop off'm a stick,
Then touch up her face
With her vanity case
In class, is just a bit thick.

THREE O' 'EM

I love the girls who are tall and fair,
I love 'em light and dark
I love 'em walking in the square,
And sitting in the park.
But, best of all, I love three maids
Whose spirits never lag,
They are neither fair, nor short, nor tall
Just "Mary", "Bob" and "Mag".
What are they noted for? you say
Among the girls and boys—
Why—ain't you heard—they're famous, 'cause
They make the loudest noise.

Mr. Diebolt—"Explain the significance of 'Singed Philip's Whiskers'."

Rose—"Raleigh's introduction of American tobacco."

TESS SMITH

Best pal to the Juniors,
To the Seniors she's not yellow,
Right there with the blarney—
All 'round good fellow.

Miss Steves (answering Miss Ingall's inquiry about a certain book)—"One of the girls who just 'passed out' in the next room had it."

Dr. Pierson (in Health Ed)—"Until last year I was in a school for the feeble-minded."

A CONDENSED NOVEL

Vol. I

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather;
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk,
Together.

Vol. II

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious;
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious.

Vol. III

You ask mama,
Consult papa,
With pleasure;
And both repent,
This rash event,
At leisure.

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"Why is a kiss like the three graces?"

"It's faith to a girl; hope to a young woman, and charity to an old maid."

The boy sat on the moon-lit deck,
His head was in a whirl;
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl.

"Funny" Darrah—"I used to work in a watch factory."

"Titus" O'Connell—"What did you do?"

"Funny"—"I made faces."

HEARD AT "ANIMATED ADS"

Tom—"Where do you think I got this (Arrow) collar?"

Julia Shufelt—"Where?"

Tom—"Around my neck."

Normal days, Normal days,
Swiftly they glide along.
Slipping by, flitting by,
Gaily with laugh and song.
Winds may blow, friends may go,
Sands of life run down,
Memories dear are ever near,
Those Normal days in P-burg town.

Renison with newspaper in hand—"Do you know, Mick, every time you draw

Mick—"Sorry, Renison, but if I stop drawing it I'll die myself."

your breath somebody dies?"

???WHY???

Daffodils are not daffy,
Crocuses do not croak,
The weeping willows shed no tears,
The smokeweed doesn't smoke.
The snapdragon has no snap,
The bleeding heart no gore,
The four o'clock doesn't have a watch,
Tiger lilies cannot roar.
The rag weed never jazzed a bit,
The best ferns make a brake,
So why be true to nature,
When she is just a fake?

Bill McG.—"May I have permission to call on you tonight?"

Aileen R.—"Yes, you may, but remember that Mrs. Johnson switches off the

Bill McG.—"Good! I'll be there at eleven sharp."
light at eleven o'clock."

THE CARDINAL

GRAMMATICAL LOVE

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street.
If she has silk stockings, she is very FEMININE.
If she is singular you become NOMINATIVE.
You walk across the street, changing to the VERBAL SUBJECT and then be-
If she is not objective in this CASE, you become PLURAL.
come DATIVE.

You walk home together. Her mother is ACCUSATIVE; father becomes IM-
PERATIVE.

You go in and sit down and find out that her little brother is an UNDEFIN-
ABLE ARTICLE.

You talk of the FUTURE; she changes the SUBJECT for the PRESENT
time. You kiss her and she favors the MASCULINE. Her father is PRESENT
and things are TENSE, and you have a PAST PARTICIPLE after the ACTIVE
CASE is over.

ARITHMETIC

He's teaching her arithmetic,
 He said that was his mission,
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
 And said, "Now, that's addition."
And as he added smack by smack
 In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave him kisses back,
 And said, "Now, that's subtraction."
Then he kissed her and she kissed him,
 Without any exclamation,
Then both together smiled and said,
 "Now, that is multiplication."
But dad appeared upon the scene
 And made a quick decision
He kicked the lad three blocks away,
 And said, "That's long division."

JUST SUPPOSE THAT

1. Katherine Vaughn never talked about her love for mathematics.
2. Elsie G. Smith didn't talk at all.
3. Gladys Huntley went to class without a notebook.
4. Alida Densmore forgot to prepare one lesson.
5. Everyone's essay was in promptly and needed no corrections.
6. Mary Quinlan never had a "crush".
7. The critic teachers found no fault with anyone.
8. The boys won a game.
9. Everyone was satisfied after Senior class meetings.

THE CARDINAL

10. The Juniors had some "pep".
11. Helen Northrop and Mildred Walker would stop talking.
12. Miss Lee would speak louder.
13. Miss Murray would stop asking questions.
14. Rita Rooney would forget to giggle.
15. Loretta Libby would be on time.
16. Helen McCaffrey would grow up.
17. Anne Finnell would miss a question occasionally.
18. Miss Alida Jennings would get over her bashfulness.
19. Maude Hayes would lose her grin.
20. Ken Locke would shave off his mustache.
21. Bonnie O'Connell would give up her idea of a stringed orchestra.

UP-TO-DATE NURSERY RHYMES

Dear Daddy Henshaw
Came to the Study Hall
To get some essays done.
But when he got there
Our minds were all bare
So the poor Daddy got none.

If Mr. Shallies lived in a shoe
With only the Juniors
What would he do?
He'd block up his ears
And worry and fret,
Then wish for the Seniors
An example to set.

Dear little Juniors, come sing us your song.
Why do you keep us awaiting so long?
Where is the pep you ought to show?
It's fast asleep under the snow.
Will you wake it?
No, not I.
For if I should do it they surely would cry.

Chocolate bars thick
Chocolate bars thin
Chocolate bars with maple and nuts within
Some like them large
Some like them small
But Mr. Shallies doesn't like them at all.

R. R.

YE NAUGHTY COMMERCIALITES

MARY E. QUINLAN

Oft in the stilly night,
Studying hard, with all our might,
We sit alone, within our room
While playful shadows from the moon
Just seem to say, with wilful way,
"Come out and play, there's another day,
To get your work; just this once shirk!"
And then we see the starlit sky
With fleecy clouds afloat on high
And next, we hear the gentle breeze
Singing softly through the trees,
And as upon our books we glance
We think "Oh, well—life's but a chance.
Tomorrow morn at six a. m.
We'll get to work and do them then."
Ah, ha!—the clock's just striking eight,
Do we hear Jakie at the gate?
Yes, Jakie's there with shining hair
That gleams like glass and scents the air.

Tomorrow comes with six a. m.
That clock will never cease to ring.
Our bones are stiff, our heads like lead,
We think that we are almost dead.
We can't get up at any cost
We'll surely now be saved or lost.
Oh, dear, our essay's due today
Whatever will our Daddy say?
He will be peeved, we know he will
We'd better just be very still.
Perhaps he'll pass us by today
At any rate we'll hope and pray.
Mercy! But now it's getting late,
It's almost twenty-five to eight.
Just ten short minutes left to dress
And—gosh, our room's all in a mess;
We wish our eating place were near,
We'll surely now be late we fear.
So with a bound to breakfast sprint
And eat a morsel in a wink.

THE CARDINAL

At last, we reach the study hall;
Oh, pshaw, we're not late, after all
We'll surely get to class on time
But we had better get in line.
First, shorthand comes, with windy gale
A test this morn to start the tale.
Those hen tracks were the worst out yet
We just surmise the mark we'll get.
"Now, read your notes," from Mr. Todd,
We surely feel like Ichabod.
We hem and haw and cough and sneeze
As some kind friend's notebook we seize
And then we stumble, quake and jerk
Until some pal takes up the work.
Next Office Practice comes along
But on this stencil stuff we're strong
So this class goes; well not so bad
But then, within, we're rather sad.

Then comes Assembly and the roll,
Our orchestra, an essay by some soul,
Oh me, oh my, Accounting next,
This Prof we know will now be vexed.
No problem done, much less begun
He told us we must have it done.
What's that, he wants us all to do?
To keep the work for a review?
My lands, at last we've saved our stake.
We'll never more go out with Jake.
But after lunch our other woes
Just pile along with harder blows.
That History of Commerce class
Has brought death to our door at last.
The questions fall like flakes of snow
A test we have in this also.

But now we go to Daddy's class
We know we've reached our end at last;
He'll mark us down just word for word
Upon his little handy board.
Oh me, oh my, such awful pain
Once more, again, we hear our name
If ever this class we survive,
Our home, sweet home we'll reach alive,
Just one class more—we must observe

Bookkeeping keeps us on our nerve;
 Those Junior kids are all so smart
 We never know what they will start.
 My goodness, that's our name she called
 We've got to teach, we shall be stalled
 The questions come in, thick and fast
 The Juniors answer all those asked
 We wiggle through some sort of way
 And swear quite solemn that this day
 Will ne'er repeat itself again
 And to our prayer we add—Amen!

THE CLASS ROMANCE

Did you ever *Reed* about the time that *Helen McLaughlin* was kidnapped?

"When her *French Cooke* left, her guardian, *Miss Weaver*, who knew she was hungry, made her some *Mock Rice* soup, and while it was *Coulon*, took a *Knapp*. Before this time, a *Learned* member of the *Consaul* from *Holland* had tried to *Courter*. He had even used his *Powers* to *Bulley* her into accepting him as her *King* of hearts. But *Wood* she? No! She said, "*Darrah Purdy* thing like me sell herself for a *Gram of Gold*?"

Of course the *Learned* member was very angry and when he found out that she was unguarded, he climbed a *Columbe* and by *Schear* force broke the *Locke* on the window and got away with her, *Scott* free!

Helen was a *Goodale* upset but she at last decided that she could stand living with him. They were married in the *Gray* of morning by the *Parsons Carpenter* and *Weed*.

Sexton Northrup rang the bell!

M. C. W., '23.

LOGIC

A rib is the cause of all trouble. Woman came from a rib, therefore, women are the cause of all trouble. If you see two men fighting, you can then feel certain that a woman has something to do with it.

Diebolt—"The students were so entranced by my lecture this morning that they remained in my class all through the lunch hour."

Shallies—"Why didn't you wake them up."

Kay O'—"Wasn't that a marvelous lecture that Dr. Pierson gave us this morning on the Culture of Prunes?"

Maude—"Splendid—she is so full of her subject."

Mary C.—"Last night Mack tried to put his arm around me three times."

Mary Ellis—"Some arm."

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HISTORY QUIZZ

Seated one day in the class room
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers travelled wildly
All through my notebook leaves.
My mind was as blank as the blackboard
My face was the picture of gloom,
And I prayed for the sound of that class bell,
So I could get out of that room.
The prof looked down at his class book,
My name was the next on the list,
My heart came up in my tonsils
'Cause I knew I would never be missed.
My eyes looked up at the prof's ey
I read a question in his,
Then the bell began to clamour
And I ran from that history quizz.

My girl buries her nose so deeply in books that she can't get at it with a powder puff.

Mary Caffrey—"I like your cigarette holder."
Mack—"Why, I never use one."
Mary Caffrey—"Don't be so dense."

Aileen—"No, Bill, it's my principle never to kiss a fellow good-night."
Bill—"I wish you would forget your principle and take a little interest."

MIKE AND CHARLIE

By the dust on their books shall you know them.

Father—"Well, son, how did your exams go?"
Bill Mc.—"Dr. Pierson says that conversation during meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk about something else."

Miss Garrity—"Every lassie has her laddie name they say have I"—that's sad.
Elsie Smith—"You bet it is."

Miss Ketchum (dancing with Tracy at mid-year)—"I don't suppose I ought to be dancing tonight. Doctor Pierson told me not to be on my feet so much."
Tracy—"Did she say anything about being on mine?"

Daddy (an example of a human curiosity)—"He was a boy of about my own age."

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HOROSCOPE

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE DESIRE	USUAL OCCUPATION
Edwin C. Andrews	"Look here"	Get back to God's country	Holding down Barton's sofa
Mary Behan	"For Michael Day's sake"	To have a bachelor apartment	Going to church
Bessie Benway	"Oh, My!"	To teach	Teaching
Harold Benway	"C'mon Fitz"	Hasn't any	Studying figures
Marion Bigelow	"Oh! do!"	To publish a book	Writing poetry
Katherine Boyle	"Isn't it the limit?"	To be a first grade teacher	Teaching
Harriet Bradley	"Don't shout in my ear, Bobby!"	To get a blonde better half	Knitting, talking, eating
Vern Bradley	"I really don't know"	To marry an "Earl"	Entertaining the "Nobility"
Charles Brault	"Horsecollar"	To get a date	Yelling feebly through Cogan's phone
Anne T. Braw	"How much will it cost?"	To grow plump and fat	Trying to curb her ravenous appetite
Michael Brennan	"Gee"	To settle down with Alice	Throwing the Cow's husband
Thomas Brown	"How in —— do I know?"	A permanent seat in Ziegfeld's	Cracking wise
Blanche Brunnell	"For the love of pickels!"	To be Captain of North. N. Y. basketball teams	Feeding little Oswald
Margaret Buckley	"Bob-bie? Mar-ee?"	To marry a millionaire	Entertaining Clark
Harmon Bulley	"Let's go"	To go to California	Grinding
Ralph M. Bullis	"Stop!"	Make up with Edna	Crabbing
Sarah Burris	"Oh Rodney"	To be a sergeant stationed in Albany	Writing letters home
Wilma Carpenter	"Ye Gods"	To meet her ideal	Getting acquainted with new men
Edna Charlebois	"By heck!"	Not to have to teach more than 5 years	Selling Yale locks
Arthur Cogan	"Hello, Sapolio"	Utterly blank	Dodging "Daddy"
Venita Columbe	"Oh! I'm scared!"	To teach in New Haven (We know why)	Going skiing
Joseph Conners	"Ask Fritz"	To fix up his Ford	Beefing
Ruth Consaul	"What does that mean?"	To own an \$8,000 yacht	Talking to a H. S. boy in the corridor
Gladys Cooke	"I can't be bothered"	To accompany the pianist in the Colonial orchestra	Acting as peacemaker at Gallagher's
Louise Coulter	"Don't you have to study?"	To marry a Carpenter	Mending "Lyle" sox
Ruth Courter	"When are we going to get that CARDINAL work done?"	To have a private Commercial school	Tutoring Bill McGaulley in shorthand
Margaret Daly	"Mercy sakes!"	To live in the Blue Grass country	Helping others
Bernice A. Darrah	"Yeh!"	To take the place of Mgr. McGraw	Looking vacant
Alice Densmore	"I'm not shocked"	To take Miss Barker's place	Studying
Alida Densmore	"Do you suppose I'll have to teach?"	To have a chicken farm	Giggling
Edward B. Dodds	"Hot dawg!"	To teach half way between Port Chester and Newburgh	Night watchman at Rymer's

THE CARDINAL

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE DESIRE	USUAL OCCUPATION
Stella Downs	"You lemon!"	To have rosy cheeks	Trying to be frank
Rocelia Durkee	"Now, down where I come from—"	To teach in Peru	Automobiling
Margaret Dwyer	"I'm so darn tired!"	To acquire a pose like Nita Naldi	Sleeping
Mary K. Ellis	"Oh! Listen!"	To find her ideal	Taking exercises to be graceful
Mary Engel	"Come now"	To superintend a commercial school	Taking reducing exercises
Rosalie Esmond	"Oh! Heavens!"	To teach shorthand	Making Welch a rare bit
Margaret Farrell	"Girls, look here"	To teach in P. S. N. S.	Psych. class
Bessie Federman	"The way I do it—"	To preside over Buffalo's Bd. of Ed.	Telling others
Lillian Finnegan	"Rena?"	To get a life contract	Looking pleasant
Alban J. Fitzpatrick	"I'm through with Normal girls"	To be the Sheik of Peru	Hamboning round
Anna Flanigan	"Oh, Mamma!"	To teach in N. Y.	Watching for the mail man
Nellie Fletcher	"My!?"	Rural School Supervisor	Making first grade animal books
Ellen Forrence	"Coming, Rena?"	To become a great pianist	Playing piano
Clara French	"Is this right?"	To become an elocutionist	Talking
Margaret Fyans	"I can't do it"	To be Principal of the Ausable Forks schools	Giggling
Hazel Garrant	"Ye Gods!"	To conquer "Karl the Great"	Riding in Cogan's truck
Rose Gold	"Be a sport"	Edit the "P. S. N. S Daily"	Basketball
Addie Goodale	"Gosh!"	To be a doctor's wife	Writing letters to Syracuse
Eleanora M. Gram	"Monkey-binnis again"	To study dancing in the Fiji Is.	Powdering her nose
Ruth W. Gray	"See how long my hair is!"	To capture a handsome man	Sleeping
Alfred Hainfeld	"Did you do your homework?"	To convince the Juniors he can teach	Talking with "Daddy"
Julia Haley	"Now in Geneseo"	To teach in Geneseo	Studying
Marie Hansa	"My stars!?"	A man	Trying to get a man
Irene Harrington	"Yes! Sir!"	To make use of her weekend kit	Keeping house
Ada Harvey	"I know it"	To marry a farmer	Gossiping
Selma Hoffman	"Well—now"	To be head of the Dept. of Ed. in Georgia	Advising the Faculty
Helen Holland	"Listen, girls!"	To enchant a Peruvian	Ruler supreme
Katherine Holland	"What do you mean?"	Finding joy in life	To get to dances on time
Margaret Holland	"Gee!"	To play the banjo in an orchestra	Slipping through Normal
Elizabeth Houghton	"I've got something to tell you"	To be an operator in the McCarthy Telephone Co.	Reading poetry in a telephone magazine
Gladys Huntley	"I never could do it"	To be a perfect teacher	Studying for 6th grade
Grace Jones	"Lordy; I hope I don't have to teach Geography!"	To get near Schenectady	Looking in the mirror
Mary G. Karl	"You know how 'tis"	To teach in Porto Rico	Visiting at "Gramma Savage's"
Helen Kathan	"Good looking teeth"	Honey-farming in Peru	Writing masterpieces
Ruth Keith	"Well, now I'll tell you"	To live free from care	Worrying

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE DESIRE	USUAL OCCUPATION
Edith Kelley	"I can't be bothered"	To be a partner in Leneghan's Firm	Riding in a grocer's truck
Elizabeth Keyes	"I don't care, what you say, I like her"	To establish a "Teacherage"	Talking to Betty Houghton
Marguerite King	"Oh, is that so?"	To instruct in a dancing academy	Finding a new beau
Lola F. Knapp	"Oh, kr-rim!"	To talk with the Sphinx	Dictating in shorthand
Arleeta Knickerbocker	"My soul and body"	To be the best teaser ever	Talking, just talking
Bernard Lavigne	"Get in there and play, will you?"	To call Andrew his brother-in-law	Making tracks for the Point
Ruth Learned	"Well, just as you think best"	To become a prima donna	Attending critic meetings
Dorothea Letson	"Yes, indeed"	To authorize others to carry books	Carrying an armful of books
Loretta Libby	"Oh, Lordy"	To get somewhere on time	Cutting classes
Kenneth Locke	"How do you get that way?"	To start a duck ranch on Long Island	Sheiking around
Edna Lucas	"I'll try!"	To lead a peaceful life	Being quiet and peaceful
Clara McDonald	"Isn't this awful?"	To instruct the younger generation	Teaching
Lucy McDonald	"What? What?"	To become a nurse	Studying shorthand
Katherine McGeary	"I don't care"	To be matron of an orphan asylum	Hurrying to and fro
Helen McLaughlin	"Ohooo, stop!"	To acquire wed-Locke	Just being "Helen"
Irma Mallory	"Now look, no, I mean listen!"	To acquire a man	Being busy
Mae Mannigan	"Oh, girls!"	To teach for life	Observing in the grades
Mary Markham	"Cat's eyebrows!"	To beat Oswald in typing and Swem in shorthand	Marketing papers
Ruth Maroney	"You know"	To take Mary Pickford's place in the movies	Keeping informed on current topics
Helena Mehan	"Oh, I don't know"	To keep house	Serving at church suppers
Bernadette Mitchell	"Heavens!"	To go to France	Whistling
Leda Mock	"Well-er-um"	To belong to a family with a historic name, such as Hoffman	Being Orva's "steady"
Gladys Mulholland	"Just look here!"	To get off the waiting list	Waiting for the slow pokes
Ruth Naish	"Ain't it pathetic?"	To broadcast laughs	Telling stories
Howard Northrup	"Oh, heck!"	(She lives around Middle Granville)	Trying to peek over the edge of a six-inch collar.
Mary O'Connell	"I don't know what you mean!"	To be a nun	Playing piano
Ruth O'Donnell	"Listen to me!"	To be Harold Benway's wife	Talking
Helena O'Flynn	"No kiddin'?"	To teach in Porto Rico	Answering the telephone
Rose O'Neil	"Look me over!"	The pharmacy man	Going to Ausable Forks
Mary Otis	"For the love of!"	Writing jokes for <i>Life</i>	Being funny
Esther Parsons	"Oh! I'll get killed!"	To teach	"Canning"
Mildred Parsons	"Have I any mail?"	To spend the Weaver millions	Stumbling
Wilhelmina Pfister	"I'm not too proud to do that"	To dine at restaurants	Lispings

THE CARDINAL

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE DESIRE	USUAL OCCUPATION
Flora Pfisterer	"Now-ah!"	To bring up her little brother	Studying
Agnes Powers	"I just can't decide"	To become a movie star (Agnes Ayres)	Demonstrating Nash cars
Rena Proulx	"Ready Lill?"	Always to have a supply of gum	Waiting for Lillian
Helene Purdy	"My suit is just in style"	To be with Bertha Elliot	Contradicting
Anna Reed	"Let's hurry, there's the bell!"	To teach	Teaching spelling
Anna Renison	"Well, you needn't mind!"	A man	Going out with Joe
Dorothy Rice	"Dear-dear-dear!"	To raise the standards of New Jersey as high as New York	Playing the boss
Edith Ritchie	"Bernard said—"	To be a farmer's wife	Studying with Bernard
Genevieve Robinson	"I don't believe that, I think this—"	To teach in California	Giggling
Myrtle Robinson	"I must get a drag with the critics"	To get a man	Housekeeping
Sara Rockovitz	"Gosh"	Beat the N. H. S. in basketball	Heading committees
Hazel Rogers	"Let me see—"	Make the right man a good wife	Going to the movies
Emma Rooney	"Come on—"	To do kindergarten work	Smiling
Ruth Ryder	"For the love of St. Peter's dead cat"	To complete a plan for a perfect house	Playing piano
Rosanna Schear	"I got a man, have you?"	To conduct a correspondence school	Riding in Weir's truck
Edna Schenkel	"I can't get that"	To instruct in Pitman	Looking wise
Orva Schoonerman	"I wish Harold were here"	Harold	Looking for the mail
Helen Scott	"Stop it!"	To be a gym teacher	Dancing
Ruth Sexton	"Say—"	Teaching	Studying
Esther Seymour	"Oh! gracious!"	To be an Earl's wife	Staying out of school
Bessie Sherman	"Well, let me see!"	To settle down	Reciting in Comm. Geography
Phoebe Slade	"Oh! girls!"	To go to Peru for her honeymoon	Reciting in class
Margery Slater	"Well, Mr. Todd saya—"	To grow tall	Writing letters
Catherine Smalley	"My mother's got lots of money!"	To make stump speeches for Vermont politicians	Kidding people
Elsie Smith	"I have CARDINAL work to do!"	To tell stories to small children	Singing "Round the Corner"
Hazel Smith	"When I get married!"	To get married	Eating candy
Teresa Smith	"Listen, girlie—"	To manage Junior classes	Gossiping
Hazel Snyder	"You don't mean it"	To be an artist's model	Sending telegrams to Bob
Angela Steves	"I don't know, ask Ruth"	To have Mary with her always	Calling on Mary Quinlan
Hazel Stowell	"Are you going tonight?"	To reduce	Vamping
Eleanor Swanick	"Say—listen!"	To stretch	Lengthening dresses
Delia Thurlow	"Did you get this?"	To become an orator	Being pleasant
Bernard Tracy	"See what you did without old Tracy!"	To teach in Rochester	Rubbing it in
Elizabeth Turner	"Now, I'll tell you how it's done"	To be advisor to the President of the United States	Showing others how

THE CARDINAL

NAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE DESIRE	USUAL OCCUPATION
Kathryn Vaughn	"Oh—I've got to teach to-day!"	To compile an Encyclopedia of useless information	Gossiping
Fannie Volpert	"What did you get for a balance?"	To become an Accountant	Looking wise in History of Commerce
Janet Weaver	"Come on—be a sport!"	To become an athletic champion	Being a sport
Eleanor Webb	"My man at home—"	To get a permanent job keeping house	Being popular
Marta Webster	"Where's Weedie?"	To own a home in California	Counting the days till June 23
Helen Weed	"Oh! Daddy!"	Also to own a home in California	Imitating Gladys Robinson
Mary Wheeler	"Look at this!"	To teach in a private kindergarten	Being cheerful
Miriam Wladis	"Did you get your Accounting?"	To be a C. P. A.	Studying
Leola Wood	"Wonder if I'll have to teach?"	To grow tall and dignified	Trying to impress people as being more than 16
Laura Yates	"You don't mean it!"	To do nothing but teach	Getting her lessons
Martha Zimmerman	"Stop kidding!"	To live in Delaware	Wishing she were in Delaware
Ruth Zingisser	"Oh-Geeeeee!"	To be a second "Charlotte"	Skating



THE CARDINAL

A DAY IN P. S. N. S.

ACT I

SCENE I

8:15 A. M.—Normal campus. Most of the girls seen running to breakfast.

SCENE II

8:20 A. M.—“Daddy” at head of stairs. Girls (sine hats) waiting in breathless line at top of stairs—in cloakroom—for those few who are always on time to pass in orderly procession under Mr. Shallies’ watchful eye.

8:25 A. M.—Last minute arrivals hurrying to classrooms, glowered upon by professors.

SCENE III

8:45 A. M.—Miss Anne O’Brien comes to Mr. Shallies’ door and sharply inquires about books that “were to be returned before the first period.”

SCENE IV

10:00 A. M.—“Study!” Hall—continuous, persisted buzzing of those who are studying! Mr. Shallies appears—quiet—disappears—tumult again. Dr. Kitchell’s voice booms from the doorway—it is hopeless to stem the tide of conversation.

ACT II

SCENE I

10:20 A. M.—Study Hall—Everyone visiting with near or distant neighbors. First call for order by Mr. Shallies. Girls who have lingered in hall hurry in. Mr. Shallies begins to attend to attendance. Second call for order. Every third girl asked for her excuse, “hasn’t one yet.” Third call for order. List of lost articles given: “Miss Gram’s vanity case”, “Miss Brunnell’s autograph album”, “Miss Cafrey’s shorthand book”. Stand

SCENE II

March, two abreast to Assembly Hall under Dr. Kitchell’s eagle eye—turn by Mr. Todd and Dr. Henshaw—attempt made to get in step with orchestra. “Our boys” already seated.

SCENE III

Every one waits with interest to see if Dr. Kitchell reaches the rostrum before orchestra finishes march. Faculty observes student body. Student body observes faculty. The poor unfortunate who is presently to give her essay tremulously receives smiles and nods of encouragement from friends in the sea of faces below her—looks out of the window, then at her shoes, arranges her skirt and hair.

Dr. Hawkins pauses to be sure quiet reigns before announcing page 65, “O Tempora, O Mores.” Everybody in better humor to listen to a “Review”.

THE CARDINAL

Miss A—— next announced. Miss A.'s stiff bow acknowledged by Dr. Hawkins. Faculty observes the student body, student body observes faculty—and the essayist reads on and on. Applause. Page 316, "A Merry Life" is sung. March. Loiterers engage in conversation in corridors before going to last morning class.

SCENE IV

11:45 A. M.—Everyone hurrying home to lunch.

ACT III

SCENE I

1:00 P. M.—Dr. Henshaw interviewing various girls about their essays.

SCENE II

Excited conversation by Seniors about the lesson they've got to teach but can't.

SCENE III

1:30 P. M.—Pupil teachers in all of eight grades and commercial department doing their worst before classes and critics.

SCENE IV

2:00 P. M.—Excited debates inside and outside Economics room.

SCENE V

4:00 P. M.—Girls rush to critics, sorority rooms or committee meetings.

SCENE VI

4:50 P. M.—Janitor rounds up those who love the place so they hate to leave it and demands instant departure.

SCENE VII

5:05 P. M.—Quiet reigns supreme in dear P. S. N. S.

E. G. S.

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We've seen their misplaced eyebrows, and now it's derby hats.
We won't be surprised if next they sport nice stylish spats,
And wear eye monocles and swing canes to and fro.
One word of advice, boys, "Be careful or you'll to Dannemora go."

Irene—"Where are you going Bernie?"

Bernie—"Going, I'm not going I coming from Canada."

Later:

Mr. Todd giving directions to his class—"Sugar is sold by the barrel and so is cider—Oh, I mean vinegar."

THE CARDINAL

George K. Ha **W**kins

Irene P. B **E**rg

Anne O' **B**rien

Kate C. Alg **I**e

Genevieve An **D**rews

Al **F**red L. Diebolt

G. W. Sh **A**llies

Marga **R**et M. Garrity

O. W. Kitch **E**ll

W G. Thompson

Alonzo N. H **E**nshaw

Samue **L** Todd

Edwin L. Tay **L**or

Ka **T**e E. Hull

Alice L. **O**'Brien

George H. Hudso **N**

Charl **O**tte E. Chase

Elizabeth **R**Hawkins

Ollie A **M**sden

Eliz **A**beth Ketchum

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In the three tests for the title Mr. Behrin made a total of only 19 errors in 3,610 words, eclipsing his own record of 66 errors made in 1915. Mr. Solomon Powsner also an Isaac Pitman writer, was first in the extremely difficult 220 test (literary matter) and Mr. John Daly, an Isaac Pitman writer, was first in the 200 test. Mr. Behrin was first in the 240 and 280 speeds and finished transcribing his notes over an hour and fifteen minutes sooner than any other competitor. He took less than half the time allotted to transcribe the three tests for the title.

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